THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

OCTOBER, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. ROBERT PALMER, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY DE WILDE.

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Biographical Sketch of Mr. Palmer will appear in No. 97.

We lament that our arrangements will not permit us to avail ourselves of the proposal of A. B. whose Essay we have perused with great satisfaction.

We have received a patriotic address entitled *English, Scots, and Irishmen,* but it being in *print,* we are only enabled to express our sense of its great poetical merit.

The following articles shall be inserted at the earliest opportunity; viz.

The *Traveller, written at Pembroke.*

A *Song* by the same writer.

Address to Mr. Mackintosh, on reading his speech to the Loyal North Britons. By a HIGHLANDER.

Address to Humility, by VIATOR.

MORTIMER cannot send us any thing that will be unacceptable. The mode and the order of communication we leave to his own judgment and conveniency. With respect to the *Essay,* we think his friends have judged wisely, and we hope their suggestion will be adopted.

The *Verses* written by Sir H. W. shall certainly appear.

The Article transmitted by G. S. REEVES, has been lately presented to the public through various channels. We nevertheless thank our Correspondent for his attention.

We have found means to accommodate A. O. but we are too much in arrear with other contributors to give him always the preference.

We are greatly obliged to Mr. H. K. WHITE for his prompt compliance with our wishes. MELANCHOLY HOURS, No. VI. in our next.

We are obliged to *Peter Peep* for the *insight* he has afforded us, and we shall be upon our guard in future.

We perceive the force and the justice of E. A. P.'s remarks, but we think they are penned with rather too much asperity.

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ROMAN LETTERS.

ARISTIDES, AT ROME, TO THALIA, AT ATHENS.

PROEMIUM.

ARISTIDES, a descendant of Aristides the Just, having formed a design of writing the history of Rome, conceived no place so proper for such pursuit as Rome itself, as he could there have the most accurate information, and the most favourable opportunities for deep research. Upon arriving at Rome he commences a correspondence with a Grecian lady, whom he has long regarded with affection, and who had desired him to inform her of the state of society, of manners, and of the arts. The following is their correspondence.

LETTER I.

AT length I am arrived at the city of the world; the motives, my dear Thalia, for visiting this grand emporium of the arts, of commerce, and of luxury, you are acquainted with, and it is no small pleasure to me that I not only gained your consent to my voyage, but your most candid approbation. For the investigating the annals of this wonderful city, and the making myself acquainted with its customs, I have to visit the capitol, and to mix with those inhabitants who are equally remote from poverty and splendour. For information concerning the fine arts, an excellent introduction, which I obtained from Titus Pomponius, whose love for our city, and elegance of manners, has gained him the title of Atticus, to M. T. Cicero, shall again avail me. You will think it an extraordinary thing that an introduction to a man who is dead should be of any service, but, my dearest Thalia, you should consider that this dead man is Cicero, and to be acquainted with Cicero is a sufficient passport into the best company. I hope you received the letter which I sent from Sicily, by a ship bound to Corinth. I hope likewise you shed tears while reading what I suffered from the confinement of the

ship, from the fury of the elements, and from the manners and language of my companions; all these however were drowned in the reflection that every gale of wind was wafting me farther from a woman, who is esteemed, even at Athens, the most beautiful, the wisest, and most amiable in Greece. I shall not enlarge upon this subject; simpathy will do more by secret and undefineable means than all the powers of rhetoric, or all the charms of poesy.

The entrance of the Tiber is rather difficult; but the beauty of its shores is beyond description; figure to yourself a river sufficiently wide to be of importance from any point of prospect, whose banks are decorated with the richest pasture, in which are browzing sheep, goats, and every kind of animal that Italy produces; here a fine promontory juts out, covered with aged oak, and denies a distant prospect; three a villa belonging to the first nobleman in Rome enlivens the scene, with persons reposing, during the heat of the sun, under colonnades of the richest marble. Now the river winds along a narrow valley, in which perhaps sits a solitary shepherd, playing upon his pipe the joys or the anxieties of love, and close beside him, sheltered by an over-arching pine, his faithful shepherdess is listening with arch meaning to his tale. In fact, the varieties of scenery and beauty are innumerable, and while gliding along these faery landscapes, the presence of my Thalia was alone wanting to render my happiness complete.

As we approached the city, the villas were more finished, and the excessive refinement of art had contributed to render them more uniform, and consequently less pleasing. Rome, like Persepolis and Susa, in the time of my great ancestor, seems to be governed by fashion: this is even extended to their houses and pleasure grounds, and when you see one you see the plan of every one. To the propriety of this remark our captain assents, with the exception that most of these belong to the richer plebeians, and that the villas of the nobility are distinguished by purity of taste: of this I shall hereafter be a better judge.

Rome, from the river, has a grandeur of effect which you can scarcely conceive, and its consequence upon my nerves I am at a loss to describe. It stands upon seven hills, which circumstance contributes to a variety of light and shade which no other city can boast: thus while one department is lighted up with the splendour of the meridian sun, another is partially or entirely shaded. The description that Titus Pomponius gave us of Rome is by no means applicable to its present state, as the munificence of Augustus Cæsar has had such an influence upon all his courtiers, that it is esteemed

the surest way to gain his approbation and affection to give every degree of encouragement to the fine arts. In such a case you may naturally suppose architecture is not neglected; indeed such are the improvements which his suggestions have occasioned, that it is a subject of honourable boast with him, that Rome came to him of wood, but he should leave it of marble. Such a period as this is most happy for information and instruction, the inhabitants are gaining a polish which however it may sometimes descend to frivolity, is nevertheless extremely agreeable to a stranger, as it facilitates his intercourse, and renders his inquisitiveness less irksome to himself and less noticed by others.

The absence of M. Metellus, to whom I was personally known at Rhodes, gives me as much leisure to survey the city of Rome itself, as his presence will enable me to gain a knowledge of its manners. In such esteem is he held here that the letters of T. Pomponius will be no farther useful, than as an honourable testimony of his friendship and affection.

The capitol first demanded my most serious attention, and upon learning the absence of my friend, I soothed my disappointment by surveying its contents. It stands upon four acres of ground, and is decorated with the gifts of many individuals, and the spoils of many nations; I could not behold, without a pang, the thresholds and pillars of which Sylla deprived the temple of Jupiter Olympius, a sacrilege which we have so frequently lamented and deprecated. It is impossible to describe the horror with which those turbulent and disgraceful times are mentioned, and it is only to allude to them and the late civil wars, to draw from every one their applause and admiration of the present government, which mixes, with a judicious caution, a well-timed lenity with a salutary severity.

A fire destroyed this fabric in the year before the dictatorship of Sylla, who took advantage of his authority to rebuild it. The Sybylline prophecies which had been there preserved since the reign of Tarquinius Superbus were consumed, and it was not till after much toil and expence that copies of them could be procured from Greece to supply their places. These books are kept by ten priests, and are never consulted but upon the most urgent and important occasions; I am therefore unable to examine or to hear the contents of them.

As I was walking hither, I saw a woman, whom I afterwards learnt was a Vestal virgin, preceded by the Fasces; a criminal was at the same instant passing to execution; the glow of pity beamed in her intelligent eye, and she delivered him from the hands of jus-

tice. This is one of the peculiar privileges the Vestals enjoy, and an important one it is; indeed these unfortunates deserve some recompence for their perpetual watchfulness and strict chastity for the long period of thirty years.

The capitol contains many scarce manuscripts and annals of the city, which I shall have to consult; as I shall therefore visit it so often, I shall reserve its description for some future opportunity; nor shall I expatiate upon its immense riches, towards which Augustus has been a most liberal benefactor, and which would, perhaps, exceed the measure of your belief.

On my return, the architect, who is repairing my house, and who, I assure you, is a man of great intelligence, proposed a game at Latrunculi. Though you are no gamester, I shall give you the history of this diversion, which may be deemed a science. Pyrrhus, besieging a city, which occupied so much time that his soldiers began to murmur, invented this game, which is an epitome of the art of war; the soldiers were so infatuated with it, that they ceased their murmurs, and applied with the greatest eagerness to besiege, in idea, though they disliked the reality.

I am at present extremely busy in adjusting my wardrobe, and putting my servants in such a train of employment as will disburden me of any anxiety on their account. You must therefore excuse this short letter, and rest satisfied with the assurance that my absence from you is the only discount upon the pleasures I have in anticipation.

Farewell. M.

SELECT SENTENCES.

The divine attention to our happiness in the structure of our nature, is to be discerned in that *ignorance* of *futurity* in which we are left; and in that propensity to paint it *fair* with which we are formed: in consequence of which, if *infinite wisdom* appoint us to pass through painful experience, *infinite mercy*, prior to our passage through it, allows us the happiness of pleasing expectation, and the *curtain* which conceals the scene before us, becomes the *canvas* upon which fancy may sketch futurity in such forms, and paint it in such colours, as are most alluring to the eye of nature. There is a farther proof, to seek no more, of the benignity that formed us, in that power of *memory*, which is not only an instrument of knowledge and virtue, but also a source of exquisite pleasure. In that

wonderful *mirror* within us, which reflects the figure of the past; that mighty *magician* in the mind, that conjures back departed events; pulls them into his presence from whatever distance they are flown to, by the potency of his mysterious spells; commands the suns that have long gone down to rise over again; and the pleasures that have taken their *flight* to spread a *returning wing*. That powerful faculty which enables man to hold fast the fleeting years; to fix the volatile moments; to bid time stand still; and the past become the present; which enables the old man to renew his youth; to rekindle his ardour; to repeat his life. Thus, while in the *morning* of life the pictures of *hope* adorn the darkness of *futurity*, and make that darkness their tablet;—in the *evening* of our days the pencil of *memory* is employed to lay its enlivening colours upon the dead and gloomy wall that bounds the pursuits, and the expectations of man upon earth!

TRUE dignity results as much from a just sense of what we owe to *others*, as of what we owe to ourselves.

VANITY is *conspicuous* self-love. Modesty is self-love *concealed*. Who thinks not of himself, is neither vain nor modest.

IF you *perceive* that a man is cunning, you may be certain he is not *sufficiently* so.

To attempt to *conceal* our faults from those with whom we live constantly, is a difficult task. It is even easier to *correct* them.

DISEASE *follows* the footsteps of intemperance, as poverty *overtakes* those of idleness.

KNOWLEDGE is a treasure of which study is the key. It is the ornament of the rich, and the riches of the poor.

THE man who sinks to the level of his misfortunes, excites *pity*: he who rises superior to them inspires *admiration*; and makes persons, *of a similar character*, almost *envy* him.

To be satisfied with persons in general we must not see them too near. They are like those landscapes, which, viewed at a certain distance, appear charming; but, if a traveller descend the hill, and enter this inviting country, what does he often find but dirty, thorny, and rugged paths?

THE person who, on every occasion, can resist a first impulse, may certainly claim a superiority over others.

"GENEROSITY," says Madame de Sillery, "does not consist in *giving*, but in making some *sacrifice* in order to give."

Sometimes the *conduct* of a man of sense, and of a weak man will be exactly the same in the same circumstances. But examine into their respective *motives*, and you will not find a resemblance in them.

We triumph over a bad habit more easily *to-day* than *to-morrow*.

It is no uncommon thing to find some foolish persons who affect to appear worse than they are. Vice has her hypocrites, as well as virtue.

Riches *obey* a wise man, and *govern* a fool.

Envy is the vermin of glory.

Prepare for the worst, while you hope for the best.

Meanness is a medal whose reverse is insolence.

He who is charitable from ostentation, will never relieve distress in secret.

What will suffice those who can select *wisely*, and be content? A library, with a few books; a dispensary, with a few medicines; and a society with a few friends.

No persons are more *empty*, than those who are *full*—of themselves.

"In youth," says Lord Orford, "we are attentive to *neatness*, in order to *please*. And in old age not to *dis*-please."

Hudibras beautifully tells us, that a *sincere* friend is

"True as the dial to the sun,
"Altho' it be not shone upon."

And another observer of life, very philosophically says, "A *false* friend is like the *shadow* on a sun dial, and vanishes at the smallest cloud."

We cannot tell the *precise moment* when friendship is formed! as in filling a vessel, drop by drop, there is a *last* drop which makes it run over, so in a series of kindnesses there is at last one which makes the heart run over. This delicious drop, the sweetest in the cup of life, happy is he who has experienced! This moment, worth whole years of common life, fortunate is he who has enjoyed!

Bad company will make the good wicked—and the wicked worse.

Q. Z.

SKETCH
OF
AN HISTORICAL EULOGIUM
ON
The Marshal Duke of Berwick,

FROM MONTESQUIEU'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

In 1708 Marshal Berwick, at first appointed to command the army in Dauphiny, was sent to command on the Rhine, under the Elector of Bavaria. He put an end to a project of M. de Chamillard, whose chief incapacity consisted in his not being conscious of it. Prince Eugene having gone from Germany to Flanders, Marshal Berwick followed him. After the loss of the battle of Oudenarde, the enemy formed the siege of Lisle, on which occasion Marshal Berwick formed a junction between his army and that of M. de Vendôme. It required miracles without number to make us lose Lisle. Vendôme was irritated against Berwick, who made some objections to serving under him; and from that time no advice given by the former was accepted. The mind of Vendôme, at other times so great, preserved the most lively resentment for that species of affront which he conceived to be offered to him. The King and the Duke of Burgundy, divided between their contradictory propositions, had no other part to take but that of paying deference to the opinion of M. de Vendôme. To effect the loss of that fortress, it was requisite that the king should send to the army, in order to reconcile the generals, a minister who was blind; that the infirmity of human nature, which cannot allow any thing good when done by persons to whom an aversion is conceived, should, through the whole of that campaign, have infested the heart and the mind of M. de Vendôme; that a lieutenant-general should possess sufficient favour at court to occasion two misfortunes to the army, for ever memorable—its defeat and its capitulation; that the siege of Brussels should first have been rejected, and afterwards undertaken; that it should be determined to defend, at the same time, the Scheld and the canal, the effect of which was, that nothing was defended. The charges of these two great men against each other are still extant; the letters written by the King, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke de Vendôme, the Duke of Berwick, and M. de Chamillard, are extant also. From these it will appear that these adversaries lost their temper, not to say their reason. God forbid that I should call in question the eminent qua-

lities of the Duke de Vendôme! Could Marshal Berwick revisit this world, he would be sorry for what passed; but on this occasion I shall repeat what Homer said of Glaucus—"Jove deprived Glaucus of his prudence, and he exchanged his golden shield for one of brass." That golden shield M. Vendôme ever preserved until this campaign, and he recovered it soon after.

In 1709 Marshal Berwick was sent to cover the frontiers of Provence and Dauphiny; and though M. de Chamillard, who starved every service, had been displaced, he found himself in want of ammunition and provisions. His genius supplied every thing. I have heard him say, that in his distress he made use of a carriage-load of money going from Lyons to the royal treasury; he observed to M. D'Angervilliers, who had been his intendant at the time, that, according to the rules, they both were liable to be tried for it, but that an army which had a kingdom to preserve should not be left without subsistence.

The Marshal Duke of Berwick devised such a plan of defence, that it was impossible to penetrate into France on any side, because he formed the string, and the Duke of Savoy was obliged to make a bow. I well remember, when I was in Piedmont, hearing officers, who were in service at the time, give that as the reason which always prevented them from penetrating into France. They were making the eulogium of the Duke of Berwick, though, then, I did not know it.

By this plan of defence, the Marshal found that he had no need of a great army, and was able to send twenty battalions to the king, which was a very important present at that time.

It would be very silly in me to pronounce an opinion on his capacity for war, which I do not understand. Nevertheless, if I might be allowed to hazard one, I should say, that as every great man has a peculiar talent in which he excels, and which forms his distinctive merit, the peculiar talent of Marshal Berwick was to wage a defensive war, to retrieve affairs in desperate situations, and to be perfectly well acquainted with the resources which could be resorted to in unfortunate circumstances. So much was he sensible of his forte lying in this, that I have often heard him say the thing he most wished for in his life was to have a good place to defend.

Peace was signed at Utrecht in 1713. The King died in 1715, and the Duke of Orleans became regent of the kingdom. The Duke of Berwick was sent to command in Guienne; fortunately indeed for me, for it was there I had the happiness to know him.

The shuffling of Cardinal Alberoni gave birth to that war which Marshal Berwick waged on the Spanish frontiers. The command of Guienne was taken from him by the change of administration, on the death of the Duke of Orleans. He then divided his time between the court, Paris, and his house de Fitzjames. That will afford me an opportunity to speak of him as a private man, and to draw his character as briefly as I can.

He scarcely obtained any favours in which his wishes were not anticipated. When his interest was in question he required to be solicited. His air, cold, somewhat dry, and occasionally even a little severe, would make him at times appear rather out of his proper place in our nation, if great souls and personal merit had any peculiar country.

He never knew how to say what are called smart things. He was particularly exempt from the innumerable inquietudes to which those are continually exposed who rate themselves too highly. He almost always took his own counsel: if he had not too good an opinion of himself, neither had he too much distrust: he knew, he judged of himself with the same good sense that he did of all other things.—No man ever knew better how to avoid the excess, or, if I may use the word, the snares of virtue: for instance, he liked the clergy—he was well pleased with them in a modest station, but would never allow himself to be governed by them, especially if they exceeded,—in the least respect, the line of their own duty: he indeed exacted more of them than they would have required of him. It was impossible to know him, and not be in love with virtue, so much tranquillity and happiness of mind did he exhibit, especially when compared with those passions which agitated others of a like condition. I have seen, remotely, in the works of Plutarch, what great men have been; I have beheld in him, more closely, what they now are. I was only acquainted with his private life: I have not seen the hero, but the man of whom the hero is composed. He loved his friends; his manner was to confer benefits without saying any thing; it was an invisible hand by which you found yourself obliged.

He possessed a great stock of religion: never did man better follow those laws of the gospel which are most painful to people of the world; never did man better practise religion, and talk so little of it. As he never spoke ill of any one, so neither did he praise any but such as he thought deserved it. He hated those disputes, which, under the pretext of the glory of God, are in reality personal. The misfortunes of the king, his father, taught him that they expose themselves to great errors who shew too much credu-

lity, even towards persons of the most respectable character.—When appointed commandant in Guienne, the reputation of his serious disposition made us apprehensive of him; but scarcely was he arrived before he was beloved by every one, nor was there any place where his great qualities were held in higher admiration.

No one ever afforded a greater example of contempt for money. In all his expences there was that moderation which would have left him much at his ease, because he gave in to no frivolous expenditure; yet was he always behind-hand; for, notwithstanding this his natural frugality, he spent a great deal. During the commands he held, all the poor English or Irish families that had any connexion with any of his house, were allowed a kind of right to introduce themselves to him, and it is singular that a man who knew how to maintain such great order in his army, and had so much justness in his plans, lost all these qualities whenever his private interests were concerned.

He was not of the number of those who try the more to flatter the authors of a disgrace, the more they have to complain of them: he went directly to him against whom he had a subject of complaint, told him the sentiments of his heart, and when that was done, he said no more about it.

I remember the time when the account arrived of the Marshal's death: never did any thing more resemble the state in which France was placed at the death of M. de Turenne. Both left great designs unfinished; both an army in danger; both closed their career by a death, the manner of which interests more than those which happen in the usual manner; and both possessed that modest merit which claims our fondest regret, and our tenderest emotions.

He left a tender wife, who passed the remainder of her life in mourning, and children, whose virtues make, better than I can do, the eulogium of their father.

Marshal Berwick wrote his own memoirs, and in this respect I can here repeat what I before said in "The Spirit of Laws," on the relation of Hanno:—"*The relation of Hanno is a beautiful scrap of antiquity. The same man who executed has written. He has shewn no ostentation in his recitals. Great captains write their actions with simplicity; because they are more glorious for what they have done, than for that which they have said.*"

[To be continued.]

HINDOO MANUAL AND CREED.

(Continued from p. 171.)

Fifteenth—Pourob.

XXII.—15th.—*Dourgah Poujah,* commences on the seventh day of the new moon of September, and lasts till the ninth; the eighth is a fast day for those who have no children. It is the grand and general festival of the Hindoos, and every night during its continuance, is celebrated with music and dancing. This goddess holds the first rank and dignity, and is the most active of all the fabulous deities, and is called the wife of Seeb the destroyer, and the third of the first created beings. She is likewise frequently styled Bhowanny Dourga; and this is the reason assigned for her coming down on the earth.—God having established Eender and his descendants as universal monarchs, or rajahs of the world; Moisasoor opposed it, and formed a powerful party, and declared war against Eender and his descendants; who, in the Dowapar Iogue, were compelled to run away, and abandon the government of the world to Moisasoor, which brought on great ravages, murders, and disorders. Eender and the few partizans who adhered to him, retired to a corner of the world, from whence, through compassion for the [illegible] race, with piety and humility they beseeched the first three-created beings to supplicate the Eternal to put an end to the disorders occasioned by the usurpation of Moisasoor. The three beings interceded, and obtained his sanction for Bhowanny Dourga to descend on the earth, to destroy Moisasoor and his party; and the Hindoos believe that she effected it, and finally restored the government of the world to Eender and his descendants, according to the original intention of the Eternal. Such is the origin of the feast of Dourgah Poujah; during which time they pray the Supreme Being, through her mediation, to hasten the period so long desired.

Sixteenth—Pourob.

XXIII.—16th.—*Dossimi* falls on the tenth day of the new moon of September; when they cast the image of Dourga into the Ganges, amidst the shouts of the Hindoos, who pretend she is going to join her husband Seeb. It is prescribed to purify in the Ganges on this day.

Seventeenth—Oupass.

XXIV.—17th—*Louki Poujah* happens on the full moon of September, and they pay their devotions all the night, without drinking any thing but milk of cocoa-nut.

Eighteenth—Oupass.

XXV.—18th.—*Kalleka Kalli, or Kalli Poujah*, are all synonimous terms: it happens the last day of the moon of September. This goddess is universally worshipped all the night of the above day, particularly at Kalli Gauth, in the environs of Calcutta, about five miles distant, where she has an ancient pagod or temple, on the banks of a little stream, which the Brahmons and tradition report to have been the original bed of the Ganges. In many parts of Hindostan they adore different members of this divinity, as the superstitious moderns amongst us do the relics and trumpery of saints. Her eyes are at Kalli Gauth, her head at Benares, her hands at Bindabund, and her other members in different places. She derives her name from . . . . . and is black, from whence she is frequently termed the black goddess; for the Indians call ink *kala*. They pretend she sprung, quite armed, from the eye of Dourga, at a time she was much pressed by the tyrants of the earth. On this day they address prayers and make offerings to the manes of their ancestors; besides the anniversary on which every Hindoo celebrates the death of his parents with fasting and prayer, and they term it Baupka Shrad.

Nineteenth—Pourob.

XXVI.—19th.—*Raas Juttrah* happens on the full of the moon of the month of October, and continues till the seventeenth of that month. It is dedicated to Kishen Thaukoor Kettry, and is universally observed; especially at Bondabeend, in commemoration of the miracle said to have happened in the neighbourhood of that city; as several maidens were celebrating the descent of Kishen, the god appeared in the midst of them, and asked them to dance with him, which they declined, saying, "there were too many of them to dance with him:" to obviate their objection, the god Kishen divided himself into as many Kishens as there were maidens, and then they danced in a circle.

Twentieth—Oupass.

XXVII.—20th.—*Kartick Poujah* happens on the last day of the

moon of October. This God passes for the youngest son of Moisasoor, or Seeb and Dourga. He is adored on this day by those who are childless, and men and women keep fast in his honour. The word Kartick implies consecration, from whence it comes that this god is considered as the invisible guardian, and superintendant of temples. It also implies holiness; and they worship his name in the month of October, because, in that month, they consecrate their temples.

Twenty-first—Pourob.

XXVIII.—21st.—*Novono.* This feast is kept the first lucky Tuesday in November, the beginning of the second rice-harvest. It is the Bhramons who name the lucky Tuesday, and they celebrate it with general rejoicings.

Twenty-second—Oupass Pourob.

XXIX.—22nd.—*Locki Poujah* happens on the first Tuesday in December, when they gather the new harvest. They return thanks to this beneficent goddess for all the good they have received during the year. They fast and pray all day, and purify themselves in the Ganges, and the night is spent in feasting and rejoicing.

Twenty-third—Pourob.

XXX.—23rd.—*Lucky Poujah Sankraty* happens on the last day of December. They again worship the goddess, as on the former occasion, except that they do not fast. Each person gives food to the poor, according to his ability.

Twenty-fourth—Pourob.

XXXI.—24th.—*Siri Ponchemi* happens on the fifth day of the moon of January. This feast is dedicated to the goddess Sorresutti, whom the Hindoos consider as the patroness of the arts and sciences. She is called the daughter of Bhirmah and Bhirmani. The Koits, or the Writer tribe, are forbidden to use either pen or ink on this day: they dedicate both to the goddess, and all business is dropped. Siri or Sree, implies fortune, and the Hindoos begin all letters with this word.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TO MR. PARK.

Weston Underwood, January 3, 1793.

MY DEAR SIR,

A few lines must serve to introduce to you my much-valued friend Mr. Rose, and to thank you for your very obliging attention in sending me so approved a remedy for my disorder. It is no fault of yours, but it will be a disappointment to you to know, that I have long been in possession of that remedy, and have tried it without effect, or, to speak more truly, with an unfavourable one. Judging by the pain it causes, I conclude that it is of the caustic kind, and may therefore be sovereign in cases where the eye-lids are ulcerated; but mine is a dry inflammation, which it has always increased as often as I have used it. I used it again, after having long since resolved to use it no more, that I might not seem, even to myself, to slight your kindness,* but with no better effect than in every former instance.

You are very candid in crediting so readily the excuse I make for not having yet revised your MSS. and as kind in allowing me still longer time. I refer you for a more particular account of the circumstances that make all literary pursuits at present impracticable to me, to the young gentleman who delivers this into your hands.† He is perfectly master of the subject, having just left me after having spent a fortnight with us.

You asked me a long time since a question concerning the Olney Hymns, which I do not remember that I have ever answered.‡

* The graceful delicacy and endearing sensibility of Cowper's amiable mind, are sweetly displayed in this transcript of his feelings, which (unhappily for himself) were too "tremblingly alive" to the benevolent actions of others, too severely censorial respecting his own.

† Absence from home prevented the receipt of this letter by the hands of Mr. Rose, and subsequent occurrences interfered to disconcert a projected meeting at Lady Hesketh's house, in Norfolk Street. So depressed were the spirits of Cowper, at the time Mr. Rose paid him a visit, that he was obliged to prepare for his coming by a nightly dose of laudanum, without which, he describes himself to have been 'devoured by melancholy.' See Hayley's Life, vol. ii. p. 107.

‡ An answer had been given in a former letter. See Monthly Mirror for August, p. 96.

Those marked C. are mine, one excepted, which though it bears that mark, was written by Mr. Newton. I have not the collection at present, and therefore cannot tell you which it is.

You must extend your charity still a little farther, and excuse a short answer to your two obliging letters. I do every thing with my pen in a hurry, but will not conclude without entreating you to make my thanks and best compliments to the lady* who was so good as to trouble herself for my sake to write a character of the medicine. I remain,

My dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

W. COWPER.

Your request does me honour. Johnson will have orders in a few days to send you a copy of the edition† just published.

CELESTIAL NOTICES.

METEOR.

MR. EDITOR,

As we were returning with some friends on *Thursday* last from *Bardwell*, by *Ixworth-thorpe* Field, to *Troston*, at 25′ p. 9 in the Ev. (8 *Sept.* 1803) by a common watch, the Night being cloudless and very bright, and the *Moon* just rising, a METEOR glided, with a most vivid lustre to our left before us, which we all saw nearly at the same instant.

It appear'd somewhere near the Centre of the Western branch of the *Milky-Way*: between v and z, as I think, of *Serpentarius*, S. W. by S. with an Altitude of at least 20, or nearer 25°. It seem'd then as bright as a star of the *first* Magnitude: and for some few seconds it appear'd, as is usual, stationary; being then probably approaching in a right line nearly to the eye. It continually encreas'd in apparent Magnitude and Lustre; till it seem'd nearly equal to a *Full Moon*, and exceeded *Jupiter* and *Venus* at their greatest brilliancy in splendor. It then was seen gliding on, rather encreasing, as I thought, in altitude, for some seconds: and thence descending in a fine curve, toward the horizon. It had a *pyramidal* train of light apparently 2 or 3 Deg. in length, terminating in a fine point with the lustre of a diamond. The light of the *Meteor* was every where exceedingly intense: *orange* colour of great brightness in its S. Westerly edge or Limb; *white* near the Centre, of a daz-

* Mrs. Haden, late governess to the accomplished daughters of Lord Eardley.

† The fifth edition of Mr. Cowper's poems.

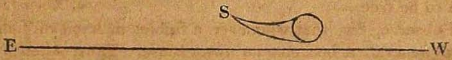
zling radiancy, and a most vivid *blue* toward the *southern* edge and the *Train*. It disappear'd beneath the *horizon* almost due W. having travers'd an Arch of nearly 40 Deg. in about 10 or 12 seconds. Its lustre, figure, and magnitude did not seem alter'd at its disappearance.

The *Ball* or *Nucleus* of the *Meteor* was well defin'd, and nearly round, and its train nearly parallel to the horizon; but rather pointing upward, and somewhat concave above. Its general position was pretty well determin'd by that of *Lyra*, and that branch of the *Milky-Way* in which it was first seen: and its altitude, by the Land Objects, Trees, &c. above which it was seen; regard being had to their height and distance from the eye: and confirm'd by the account given of it when we return'd to *Troston*. It was perhaps somewhat inferior to the *Meteor* of 22 *Sept.* 1799, in apparent magnitude: but I think exceeded it in brightness.

It is to be hop'd it has been seen in many and distant places.

Therm. 54 at 1 *in the Morning*.
Bar. 30 1 *in the Morning* preceding.
$30\frac{3}{4}$ 1 in the Morning.

It would probably appear to those who saw it in general not less than 3 or 4 Feet in length, and about a Foot in breadth at the head. The shape not unlike that of a *Paper-kite*: but narrower in proportion to its breadth. With the least height in the Atmosphere which seems possible to assign to it with any probability, its velocity, I think, could not be less than 30 Miles in a minute. Its path lying between the *Æquator* and the Ecliptic is somewhat remarkable.



The Form and direction of the Train nearly such as here represented. I am,

Yours, &c.

C. L.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

At 2 P. M. of the same day the *spots* on the *Sun* were very fine. A Cluster on the S. W. part of the Disc, and a large, round, and well defin'd one of not less than 24″ approaching to the Centre.

There was yesterday, 15th Sept. and is this Day, a spot on the ☉ (beside many others) N. of the *Equator*, of not less than 7″: and consequently at least 2,600 Miles in Diameter.

16 Sept. 1803. C. L.

ON WHIMS.

MR. EDITOR,

BESIDES that stock of individual vanity which every man uses for home consumption, there seems to be a more general stock, which we are disposed to preserve and to increase for the benefit of the community at large, on condition, however, that we may be permitted to draw from it, to supply certain urgent occasions. Thus, when I observe one man vaunting of his extraordinary prowess, skill, or cunning, I consider him as negotiating his own private stock of vanity; but when I observe another, or perhaps the self-same gentleman, launching forth in high praises of the dignity of human nature, and the superior wisdom, refinement, and liberality of the present age, I immediately conclude that, in default of private stock, he is now drawing largely on the general bank of human vanity.

In truth, Sir, I am inclined to think that we very often draw upon this general fund, without our claims being just or acknowledged. In other words, we are very willing to contribute largely to the fame and celebrity of the age in which we live, without adding much to our own wisdom, or ever considering ourselves as parts of that great whole. If this were not the case, should we find so many men, reputed wise, who act foolishly, and who have all the wisdom of the world in theory, but scarcely any in practice? I have been led into these reflections, from considering the prevalence of *whims*, or those caprices, often ridiculous, often foolish, and sometimes offensive and hurtful, from which very few *wise* men are free, and from which the world in general do not seem to wish to be free.

I observe, Sir, that whenever a foible, or habit of foibles, becomes general, it becomes its own excuse. Thus, when a man is censured for any offensive whim, the reply almost always is, "True, but you know he is a *whimsical* man." This excuse, however, is not one whit more valid than if I were to apologise for a man who had picked my pocket, by observing that he was a thief. There would be no proof here that I knew logic, or had any very distinct ideas of justice; yet Tom Dingy, who affects the utmost slovenliness of apparel, is excused, in all companies where he enters, as a man who is fond of such whims; and his hopeful heir, who always dresses in the garb of a jockey, obtains a free pardon, on his declaring that he does it for a whim.

Skinner, the etymologist, derives the word *whim* from "some-

thing that turns round;" a definition probably as good as can be found, but not good enough to give us distinct apprehensions on the subject. Indeed the very uncertainty we are in respecting the definition of the word, is an indirect censure of the thing itself. It seems to be proper that a thing that is wholly unaccountable, should pass by a name that is wholly unintelligible.

A crowded metropolis is the true scene of action for men of whim. In the country the circle is too small; they might prove offensive, and would soon be left to solitude; but the free and unconstrained manners of a city, where a man may do what he pleases, and no person call him to an account, are favourable to the growth of whims. Hence the most humorous accounts of whims have been almost always dated from the metropolis; and hence men who have devoted their time to whim-hunting, have considered London as the place for true sport. Almost every coffee-house or public-house has one or more guests who amuse the rest with their whims. Will. Steady has occupied the same box in the Chapter coffee-house for the last twenty years, at a particular hour, and his person and that box are so connected by the association of ideas, that if I were to find them separate, I should first suspect that the room had undergone an alteration.

Old Testy, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. is another whimsical fellow. He visits the chop-house precisely at three, calls for a single chop, which he devours with apparent appetite. His half pint of wine is then laid before him, which he divides into such minute and equal portions, that, with the assistance of a newspaper, it lasts till five o'clock; at that hour, according to the exactest admeasurement of time, he calls for the bill of fare, looks out "something nice," and sits down again to the second course, if I may so call it. After this he converses with his neighbours, leisurely drinks another half pint of wine, and precisely at eight o'clock takes his "slow solemn leave." From the best authority I can procure, he has not deviated from this practice for thirty years. On Sundays, indeed, he as uniformly walks to an ordinary at Highgate, and discusses the business of his dinner with certain ceremonies different from those of other days, but which never alter.

Mr. Timothy Morose was, in my younger days, a *whim* of the first magnitude: he was inflexibly honest and upright in all his dealings; but to this he added qualities of a less pleasing kind. He was never known to exchange even a word of friendship with any man living, nor did any man living know where he lodged. Every

evening he supped at a coffee-house near the 'Change, at the hour of eight o'clock, and departed at half past nine precisely; nor could any prospects of the greatest advantage have induced him to remain one moment longer. He would talk to any person who sat next him, but if a reply was made, he was silent for the rest of his time. He was never known to give above three positive opinions in his life. One was that "money was money;" the second that "many people were d——d fools;" and the third, that "bankrupts could not be expected to pay much." But these he could dilate into long speeches, which were listened to because every body "knew his whim." At length,

> "One ev'n I miss'd him on the 'custom'd *seat*;
> ——————nor yet beside the *fire*,
> Nor up the *room*, nor at the *bar* was he."

He concluded his whims with hanging himself at his lodgings, which were then, for the first time, discovered.

It may be observed of whims, whether of the harmless or hurtful kind, that, however easily shaken off at first, they soon take a deep root in the habit, and are nourished with uncommon obstinacy. They afford a proof, too, how very tenacious we are apt to be of little things, and how much more relaxed and pliable our conduct is in matters of greater moment, and of real importance. It is reported of Elwes, the famous miser, that he dined upon a hard-boiled egg, and a little spring water, while risking many thousand pounds upon the swiftness of a horse, or, what happens oftener, the integrity of a riding jockey. One would imagine that we were created with wonderful powers over trifles, or wonderful love for whims, while the superior duties of life are left to chance or accidents. Something of this disposition is visible in men of angry dispositions. Nat. Teazle will break out in the most unmannerly passion, if his daughter happen to snuff the candle out; but when a forgery to a great amount was committed upon him, he had not passion enough to sue the culprit at law. If his horse stumbles, he is sure to swear at him; but when his son fought a duel with a common gambler, he only hoped "there had been fair play."

It strikes me, Sir, that in our moral government we might very profitably follow a direction given us with respect to money matters: "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." I am persuaded, that if we would guard against little foibles, whims, and unevenness of temper in matters of trifling concern, we might be better fitted to act a becoming and manly part

when important occasions call for the exertion of our wisdom.—"Little things," says the poet, "are great to little men," and nothing should be retained in our characters which, by rendering us less agreeable to the world, may prevent our usefulness as members of society. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

ANTI-WHIM.

THE WORKS OF CHATTERTON.

MR. EDITOR, Conduit Street, Oct. 10, 1803.

WHEN application was made to me for such information on the subject of Chatterton as was in my possession, several pieces written by him, which I had collected (that remained unnoticed by the editor of the miscellanies) were accordingly re-published, and I then offered a complete list of the several editions of the Rowlean poems, and controversial publications, which appeared to me not an uninteresting article to the readers of C.'s works. To render the list of more general utility, as the several publications were become extremely scarce, I extracted the position of argument adopted by each writer, and added other matter incidental to the work; unfortunately the length considerably exceeded the space the editor had allotted for the article, and permission to make such alterations as appeared necessary, being requested, I left the whole at his disposal, myself not again seeing the MS. or even a proof sheet previous to publication; otherwise several errors, as they now stand, would have been corrected, and particularly one that occasioned the very candid letter in your last from Mr. Park.

From the MS. *as returned by the printer,* and now laying before me, it appears that the statement cited, p. 168, at l. 13, should have been, "It was purchased by *Mr. King of* Mr. L. A. and given by him, for the purpose of printing, to the late Mr. Egerton." This omission was, no doubt, accidental, but certainly made nonsense of the whole paragraph, particularly the conclusion, which says, "The MS. is supposed by Mr. K. to have been lost at the printing-house;" for it is not probable I should state any opinion of *Mr. K.'s* by initial letter, without antecedent mention of him. The fact is, Mr. King gave five guineas to Mr. Luffman Atterbury for the MS. which had been inspected, and the purchase recommended by the late

Mr. John Egerton, who undertook to superintend the publishing, and become a co-proprietor. The work, after printing, being by some means neglected, added to the death of Mr. E. it never was regularly published, and the copies that were in Mr. Waight's possession, he purchased at Mr. Chapman's sale, who subscribed for them.

It was not until the editor of the late edition applied to me, that he had any intelligence, or even supposed a copy right existed in any of C.'s pieces, and Mr. K.'s express permission was obtained to republish the work in question. This statement will, I trust, prove sufficiently explanatory to Mr. P. and that, in attempting to correct the advertisement published by Waight, the further mis-statement rests only with the printer of C.'s works.

Yours, &c.

J. HASLEWOOD.

LORD WIMBLETON'S DEFENCE OF ENGLAND,

IN CASE OF INVASION. 1628.

MR. EDITOR, *Oct.* 14.

AMONG the royal MSS. in the Museum, I beg to point out one of peculiar interest at the present moment, by Lieutenant-General Viscount Wimbleton, marked 18 A. lxxviii. It contains a recommendatory proposal to Charles I. "How the coasts of this kingdome may be defended against an enemie, if in case the royal navie should be otherwise employed." This proposal bears date 1628, and, according to the military tactics of that period, suggests various plans of defence, which may merit the perusal, if not the adoption, of our present secretary at war. "In a multitude of counsellors," says Solomon, "there is wisdom:" and all the wisdom and all the sagacity of our statists and commanders will be required, to cope with the deep policy and veteran experience of our infuriate foe.

After recommending several expedients for the defence of the coast, his Lordship proceeds to shew in what manner the country may be best governed, in case an enemy should land, and he advises, what is not very likely to be followed at this time, that the enemy be *not offered battle*, for these reasons.

"First: It is no policy to offer that which an enemy will seek for; there being no greater advantage for such an enemy than to fight a battle. Likewise, if he come to conquer, he is prepared for it, as his best game: therefore, the sooner he doth fight, the less

will be his necessity, and the more his hope, to make his conquest quickly, which will be better for him, than to stay longer, and hazard his fortune sundry times; by that means diminishing his troops and victuals, without any hope to reinforce or relieve them.

"The true rules of war are,—never to fight but upon two occasions: the one, upon a great advantage; the other on a great necessity. But if an enemy should land (as God forbid!) he must be entertained in this manner. There must be divers armies made: some of 10,000, 9,000, 7,000, and 6,000, as they will fall out; and all be entrenched, so soon as they approach the enemy. For, by reason of fortification, that may be suddenly made, there will be good time given to draw store of troops together, without danger: and it is held as a maxim in war, that he is the best soldier that can keep his enemy from fighting, and be able to fight when be pleaseth. These armies must be disposed in sundry places, round about the enemy; there being no such amazement to an enemy, as to see themselves environed about: and it is most certain, that a battle cannot fight every way. Wherefore, by this means, he shall be charged in the rear, flank, and front, which will trouble the bravest enemy in the world. Besides, he must be kept watching, with often skirmishes and alarms; that he may never be in rest: and if he will needs fight, let him; for he shall fight on all these disadvantages, if those who command know how to command."

This noble author farther advises, that all directions be *written*, in order to prevent mistakes; because "the errors of the war may prove the loss of a kingdom." But the great danger of all, he adds, is, that a people not used to war, may be led to believe, "that no enemy *dare venture upon them*, which may make them neglect it the more: and the difference between those that are soldiers and those that are not, is,—that the one prepares aforehand; the other, too late."

As Rumour, with her hundred tongues, will be employed in spreading as many unfounded reports, in the course of every day, it is humbly recommended, by your present correspondent, in case of actual descent upon our coast, that a *daily journal* be published, accredited by our government, comprising a genuine statement of each day's transactions between the armies and navies of England and France. I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c.

S. K.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Qui monet quasi adjuvat.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Trial of John Peltier, Esq. for a Libel against Napoleon Buonaparte. Taken in Short-hand by Mr. Adams, and the Defence revised by Mr. Mackintosh.

It seldom occurs that a trial for a crime not materially affecting the public welfare excites so lively and permanent an interest as that of M. Peltier. This, however, claims peculiar notice, from the novelties attending every part of it; the ruler of the *French republic* prosecuting, in a British court of justice, a *French royalist*; that royalist defended by a gentleman who first displayed his abilities by writing in favour of the *French revolution*, who has since raised a splendid reputation, but whose talents as a professional advocate were little known till he pleaded for one who had been an early and persevering opponent of that *revolution*; the day fixed for the trial, that on which Colonel Despard and his desperadoes underwent the punishment due to treason;—all these circumstances rendered the trial, at the moment when it took place, a subject of peculiar attention. Facts, which have since come to light, have contributed to increase the interest previously excited. It was known, at the time of the trial, that the French papers had teemed with the most scurrilous abuse against the king and his government, and it was generally believed that the prosecution of Peltier was undertaken at the express request of the French embassador, but it has since appeared that the request was not for a legal process against an offender, but for a general change of system, imposing fetters on the British press, and that the abuse in the French papers did not flow from the wanton malignity of Gallic libellers or British traitors, but formed part of a digested system of aggression, or, as the French are pleased to call it, retaliation, arising out of the resentment against our ministry, for daring to maintain the laws and liberties of England in defiance of French influence.

The trial took place a fortnight before the king sent his message to parliament which led to the present war, but its progress was in all respects honourable to the court. The principles laid down by the attorney general are wise, liberal, and dignified, calculated alike to protect foreign potentates against the licentious malice of individuals, and to assure those who are disposed to engage fairly in his-

torical or political investigations, that no impediments will be opposed to the prosecution of their labours. The speech of Mr. Mackintosh is a most eloquent and pathetic appeal to a British jury, in behalf of the only free press remaining in Europe, rendered interesting by an uncommon display of historical and political research.

These speeches form the most important part of the present publication, but they appear under circumstances widely different. The address and reply of the attorney general are given as they proceeded from the pen of the short-hand writer, and, allowing something for incorrectness in him, and a little for those verbal errors which insinuate themselves into the speeches of the most correct orators, it cannot occasion surprise that they are extremely incorrect. The address of Mr. Mackintosh, on the contrary, which was in itself a most masterly, and evidently a prepared effort, has received the benefit of revisal, from the hand of its author, and may be confidently presented as one of the best specimens extant of forensic oratory. The information, the evidence, and other documents relating to the trial, are in no respect worthy notice.

Besides these, M. Peltier has re-published the libels, one of which, "a parody on the speech of Lepidus against Sylla, attributed to Camille Jourdan," is extremely ingenious; he has endeavoured to interest the public in his fate, by an address, which is a strange mixture of complaint and pleasantry; a reiteration, in much inferior terms, of Mr. Mackintosh's speech, with the whimsical graces, and eccentric digressions which mark the genius and temper of a Frenchman. An appendix of fifteen articles, including the three libels for which he was tried, completes the volume; but they have all repeatedly appeared in print, and, although in themselves sufficiently interesting, add more to the bulk than to the value of this publication.

Select Poems; by the Author of Indian Antiquities, 8vo. 7s. *White.* 1803. *Concluded from page* 106.

THE particular situation of the country, at this moment, having induced us to quote very extensively from the CRISIS, the first poem in this collection, and by no means exhibiting an inferior specimen of their general excellence, we shall not detain our readers by any very prolonged strictures on the remainder. The Elegy on Sir William Jones speaks, energetically, the sentiments concerning that very distinguished character of all who knew him. The author's complaint of the general neglect of the Muse of Britain, is written, we trust, with more feeling than truth, and was the result, possibly, of some moment of aggravated disappointment experienced by himself

at the period. To the poetry, however, we shall do justice, by inserting the passage, as well as that spirited description of the Genius of the East, in the subsequent stanzas.

Deeper than Gothic glooms o'er Britain hang,
  Where toiling Science wails her ravish'd meed;
And, wounded deep, with many a secret pang,
  The agonizing Muse is doom'd to bleed!
Ye bards of Britain, break the useless lyre,
  And rend, disdainful, your detested bays;
Who now shall dare to letter'd fame aspire
  Devotes to penury his hapless days!
Hear slighted BUTLER his hard fate bemoan!
  O'er famish'd OTWAY shed the generous tear!
Hark! frantic CHATTERTON's expiring groan
  Still vibrates dreadful on the tortur'd ear!
And are there who the glitt'ring wreath would tear,
  Immortal Genius! from thy sacred brow;
Who jealous Heav'n's avenging thunder dare,
  Whence all the radiant fires of Genius flow?
Are there, who, while they quaff the sparkling wines,
  And load with eastern pomp the groaning board,
Wreck not that famish'd worth, unfriended, pines,
  And bar, with hearts of steel, th' unbounded hoard?
Ye wretched pageants of a summer's morn,
  Howe'er inshrin'd in wealth or thron'd in power,
Genius surveys you with retorted scorn,
  Above your rage th' immortal Muses tower!
Can all the joys the genial grape inspires
  One transport to the throbbing breast impart,
Like his, who burns with fancy's genuine fires,
  And wakes the strain that warms the bounding heart.
In dungeon-glooms behold the bard sublime!
  No sufferings can repress his inborn flame;
Darkling, in chains, he pours th' indignant ryhme,
  And, wanting all things, throbs alone for fame!
He knows not famine's direful pangs to feel,
  Ætherial viands feed his ardent soul;
He looks, with scorn, on bonds of triple steel,
  Whose spirit soars where worlds unnumber'd roll!
While thus, with honest pride, my bosom glow'd,
  More vivid stream'd the lightning's dreadful glare;
In wilder waves tumultuous Ganges flow'd,
  And rolling thunders shook the turbid air!
A flood of glory from th' expanding skies
  Full on the tomb of shrouded Genius play'd;
And, floating in the blaze, my raptur'd eyes
  A form immortal and sublime survey'd.

The jewell'd chaplet that adorns her brow,
Her spear, resplendent as the solar flame,
Her cheek, that shames the morning's purple glow,
The sove[illegible] GENIUS OF THE EAST proclaim.
Not that dire spectre, who, in later days,
In Asia's courts rears high her pageant shrine,
Who spurns the martial plume, and loves to blaze
In waste of diamonds from Golconda's mine.
But she, of elder birth, whose righteous sway
Asia's undaunted sons exulting own'd,
When Liberty diffus'd her halcyon day,
And Virtue rul'd the helm, with Cyrus thron'd.
I know her by her lofty ostrich-plume,
That dreadful wav'd on Lydia's wealthy plain,
When tyranny at Sardis found a tomb,
And haughty Babel wept her myriads slain.
I know her by her rich emblazon'd shield,
Round whose vast orb the radiant signs are roll'd:
Here Mithra's lion spurns the blazing field,
There raging Taurus flames in sculptur'd gold.
In all the charms of martial beauty bright,
But still with brighter bays by Science crown'd,
The goddess bends to earth her rapid flight,
And consecrates to fame the hallow'd ground.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY will be read with peculiar interest by all who have paid frequent visits to that majestic repository of the illustrious dead. These lines on the fine monument of Roubiliac, in memory of Mr. Nightingale and his lady, particularly arrrest attention and admiration.

Hold, DEATH, thy hand; that threaten'd stroke forbear:
The stroke yon grief-struck husband would repel;
Whose eye distraction marks, whose front despair,
Whose veins in agonizing horror swell!
Mark, as the tide of ebbing life retires,
Through yon fair form what well-feign'd languors creep:
While her fond, speechless lord in death admires,
And clasps her sinking in eternal sleep.

The Eastern Elegy of HINDA abounds with strokes of beautiful pathos, and is farther remarkable by its close and correct allusion to the images and objects of the country, Arabia, in which it is supposed to be written. We shall say nothing more concerning the well-known ODE TO MITHRA, than that it is as conspicuous for its sublimity, as THE SCHOOLBOY, written when the author *was* what he de-

scribes, is for the vein of burlesque that runs through the whole poem.

This elegant *morçeau* we cannot possibly omit.

EPITAPH ON A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

Bright to the sun expands the vernal rose,
And sweet the lily of the valley blows;
Sudden impetuous whirlwinds sweep the sky,
They shed their fragrance, droop the head, and *die.*
Thus this sweet infant, from life's storms retir'd,
Put forth fair blossoms, charm'd us, and *expir'd.*

The VERSES addressed to Dr. Johnson, Sir W. Jones, and Dr. Percy, on Ancient Minstrelsy, have each their appropriate merit, and will amply repay the trouble of perusal, as will some that succeed on more affecting subjects. We shall conclude with extracting two little pieces of this kind, which, in truly elegiac strains, record the singular catastrophe of the young and accomplished Dr. Lettsom, his amiable partner, and his beautiful sister, who, in little more than a year, successively sunk into the tomb, amidst the tears of their kindred, and the blessings of all who knew them.

EPITAPH ON JOHN MIERS LETTSOM, M. D.

Who died in the twenty-eighth Year of his Age.

On virtuous LETTSOM, in his manly bloom,
Resistless, Death's eternal shades descend:
While kindred love and friendship round his tomb,
In speechless agony, distracted bend!
Ah! what avails, above the vulgar throng,
To rise in genius or in worth to soar;
Impetuous rolls the stream of time along,
The bubble bursts, and LIFE's gay dream is o'er!
In every stage of varying life approv'd,
And still of toiling want the constant friend,
He pass'd his transient day,---admir'd,---belov'd;---
ALL prais'd him living, ALL bemoan his end!
From Heav'n's high throne th' Almighty Sire look'd down,
Well pleas'd to view such worth *below the skies*;
He saw him ripe for an immortal crown,
And bade his soul quit *earth* for PARADISE.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELLIOT,

Wife of Dr. Elliot, and Sister to the above.

And must I to the Grave's dark bourn return,
To pour new sorrows o'er th' untimely urn!
Must I, a *Brother's* ashes scarcely cold,
Close by his side a *Sister's* corpse behold!---

The beauteous ELLIOT! in whose spotless mind
The loveliest virtues of her sex combin'd.
For ever must a parent's harrow'd soul
Hear the dire death-bell o'er his offspring toll;
In streams incessant must the gushing tear
Bathe, while it consecrates, the filial bier!
Must he, whose skill retards the wretch's doom,
And snatches thousands from the yawning tomb,
View baffled each fond anxious hope to save,
And all he loves swept headlong to the grave!
Is this, all-righteous Heav'n, the brilliant meed
To Virtue's toiling sons on earth decreed?
The high reward for many an orphan rear'd,
The widow cherish'd, and the stranger cheer'd!---
But, oh! my soul, these impious plaints forbear,
Nor chaunt the gloomy dirge of deep despair.
Though hard the task with rip'ning Worth to part,
Though buried Beauty *rive* the bleeding heart,
Yet let not rebel man reproach his God,
But prostrate bend, and kiss the chast'ning rod!---
The stroke that bids *our* hearts with grief o'erflow,
Bids *their* freed souls with joys immortal glow;
Bids them to Being's boundless source return,
With Saints to mingle, and with Seraphs burn!

Epigrams, in two Books. By William Barnes Rhodes. 12*mo. pp.* 84. *Miller.*

"*Good, bad, and indifferent,*" was the judgment of Martial on his own works of this description, to which he added, *Aliter non fit, avite, liber*, and it seems very probable that no book, entirely composed of epigrams, will ever be written without these varying qualities. Of the former class, perhaps, in the present collection, are these:—

TOM's fruitful spouse bestow'd a yearly child,
And he was happy whilst the bantlings smil'd:
Three years ago he join'd a martial band,
And sought for laurels in a distant land;
Yet such the force of habit, Nell, they say,
Still has her yearly child, though Tom's away.
P. 8.

Here rests my spouse; no pair through life
So equal lived as we did;
Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
Nor knew I rest till she did.
P. 25.

Cries Nell to Tom, 'midst matrimonial strife,
"Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife."
"By all the pow'rs," said Tom, "but that's too bad,
"You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

P. 32.

To have afforded man half an hour's relaxation from care, is not to have lived wholly in vain, and to this praise Mr. Rhodes is justly entitled.

Leopold; or the Bastard. 2 Vols. 12mo. 8s. Highley.

Of all the *literary manufactories* that are continually at work in this great metropolis, none is more active, or more fertile, and, at the same time, less beneficial to the morals, the taste, and improvement of man or woman kind, than that which has so long and so vigorously been carried on in the *novel line*. Less beneficial, we say, because novel-writing seems to resemble nothing better than the web-weaving of spiders, both being things alike useless to any but their authors; this catching flies, that pence. To proceed with our simile, we are in truth compelled to confess, that, worthless even as a spider's web appears, yet is it, when it falls into expert hands, capable of being converted into silk: so is novel-writing, when undertaken by men whose moral rectitude keeps pace with their genius, in no slight degree powerful in the promotion of the advantages of instruction and delight. The writer of Leopold, though not at the head, ranks very respectably on this meritorious list. For the idea of the character of Leopold, whose bastardy is the perpetual torment of his mind, our author appears to have been indebted to *Old Nick*, the title of a popular satirical story, one of the principal persons of which, Keppel von Hein, labours under the same mental affliction, which, producing a cheerless gloom of soul, "embitters all his days." This feature is here ingeniously dilated, and the interest, conduct, sentiments, and language of the tale are such as deserve our present praise, and warrant our future expectation.

A Tour through South Wales and Monmouthshire; by J. T. Barber, F. S. A.

After a very appropriate and scientific introduction, the tour commences in the neighbourhood of Bristol, whence a voyage is made in a Welch hoy to Swansea, exhibiting a humorous display of local character. Swansea town, castle, and manufactories, are severally treated, together with an account how liberally the charms

of Cambrian beauties are there exhibited, in the salutary exercise of sea bathing. Several remnants of baronial fortresses grace this vicinity; on leaving which, the author traverses the commanding height of Pembree-hill, and, after noticing the very picturesque ruin of Kidwelly castle, reaches Caermarthen. There observing, that the work of scavengers was performed by young women, while, "in the same point of view, seated behind a counter, a brawny fisted fellow, was folding up ribbands and laces;" he launches into reflections that will hardly be acceptable to men-milliners and haberdashers. Many beautiful ruins, picturesque towns, odd customs, and well-told adventures, occupy the work, until Pembroke, with Milford Haven, and other interesting objects in its vicinity, oblige a pause over superior attractions.

The tour then traverses the Precelly mountain, and along the western coast of the principality, to Cardigan, describing, in its progress, the episcopal decay of St. David's, and several druidical relics. Near Cardigan, Kilgarran Castle appears to possess very high claims to picturesque grandeur. Hence the route continues near the coast to Aberistwyth, a pleasant watering place, well adapted for bathing, and much to be approved, for the propriety of its regulations. Now skirting the northern confine of South Wales, the remarkable scenery of the Devil's Bridge, and the grand falls of the Mynach, call forth an animated description, which we shall give in the author's own words.

"The cataract that is here formed by the falls of the Mynach, saluted us with its thundering roar, long ere we approached it; but as we drew near, the strong verberation, rebellowed by surrounding cavernous rocks, seemed to convulse the atmosphere! We hastily put up our horses at the Haford Arms, a solitary inn, and in a few paces, found ourselves on the bridge, suspended over a gulph, at which even recollection shudders. This bridge bestrides a lane of almost perpendicular rocks, patched with wood, whose summits are here scarcely five yards asunder. At a terrific depth in the glen, rages unseen the impetuous Mynach, engulphed beneath protruding crags, and pendant foliage: but, on looking over the parapet, the half recoiling sight discovers the phrenzied torrent, in one volume of foam, bursting into light, and threatening, as it breaks against the opposing rocks, to tear the mountains from their strong foundations; then, instantly darting into the black abyss beneath, it leaves the imagination free to all the terrors of concealed danger. With emotions of awe, nor without those of fear, we climbed down the side of the rock, assisted with steps that were cut in it, and with some peril, reached the level of the darkened torrents, where, standing on a projecting crag, against which the river bounded, immersed in its spray, and deafened by its roar, we involuntarily clung to the rock. The impression of terror subsiding, left us at liberty to examine the features of the scene. Nearly over our heads, appeared the bridge attributed to the handy works of the Devil; but a less

cunning workman might have thrown an arch over a fissure of a few feet span; and indeed the native mason, who about fifty years since, built the bridge now used, standing perpendicularly over the old one, has constructed the best arch of the two. The original bridge was built by the monks of Starflour abbey, near seven hundred years since. Nor is the singular appearance of these arches devoid of picturesque effect; being tastefully besprinkled with verdure, and relieved by the intervention of numerous branchy trees; while the naked, black, opposing cliffs, worn out into curious hollows by the torrents, exhibit as bold a rocky chasm, as ever was traced by the pencil of Salvator."

The cataract he then describes as broke into four separate falls, which, together, are not less than two hundred and ten feet in their perpendicular descent.

"This grand cataract," he proceeds, "receives no inconsiderable augmentation of terrific appearance from the black stratified rocks, forming the glen down which it thunders; nor can the beholder, however firm his mind, divest himself of terror, while near the bottom of an abyss, for ever denied a ray of sun, he views the menacing torrent bursting before him, or contemplates its foaming course, tearing at his feet, among crags that its fury has disjoined. If he ventures to look up the acclivitous rock, more real danger threatens his return, when a devious balance, or false step, would ensure his certain destruction. Yet, from the horrors of this gloomy chasm, some favoured projections relieve the imagination, ornamented by the light and tasteful penciling of the mountain ash, intermixed with vigorous sapling oaks; while here and there a tree of riper years, unable to derive support from the scanty soil, falls, in premature decay, a prostrate ruin. I have seen water-falls more picturesquely grand than the cataract of the Mynach, but none more awfully so; not even excepting the celebrated falls of Lowden, and Scaleforce in Cumberland."

The celebrated grounds of Hafod, in the same neighbourhood, are agreeably sketched, when the tour takes a midland direction, back to Swansea, but not without a sufficient pause on the charming vale of Towey, and the picturesque ruins of Dinwawr, and Careg-cannon castles. Thence pursuing an eastern route along the Severn's coast, a succession of noble relics of feudal grandeur, with other objects of interest, occupy the work, until the entrance of Monmouthshire. Here the author pays a liberal compliment to a cotemporary writer, and enters upon a very able description of, perhaps, the most varied and beautiful country in the kingdom. The elegant ruin of Raglan Castle offers a truly fascinating picture, and the vicinage of Chepstow, with Piercefield grounds, and the far-famed decay of Tintern Abbey, cannot fail of impressing the coldest reader. Monmouth, Abergavenny, and Lanthony Abbey, are leading objects in the further delineation of the country, which is enlivened by several characteristic anecdotes. Upon re-entering South

Wales, and exploring its eastern confines, Brecon appears a spot of considerable attraction. Buatt and Llandrindod wells have also their appropriate interests; whence returning, the scenery of the Wye principally engages attention, until the tour terminates at the city of Gloucester.

The plates which illustrate this work, are executed in a very superior style, in aqua tinta; the map is distinctly laid down, and unincumbered with immaterial names and references.

Review of a Battalion of Infantry, including the eighteen Manœuvres, illustrated by a series of engraved Diagrams; to which are added the Words of Command, with an accurate Description of each Manœuvre, &c. Vernor and Hood. 8vo. pp. 56. 2nd. Edit.

In his display of the eighteen manœuvres of a battalion of infantry, Mr. Smirke has carefully and judiciously pursued the authorised system of Major General Dundas, in which the description of these military operations, was, says he, "communicated with more conciseness than perspicuity." Other publications of the present nature, both with plates illustrative, and without, our ingenious and scientific author notices in a manner that exhibits a just consciousness of his own ability, not devoid of modesty. The latter he thinks very deficient in the power of affording instruction to the unlearned; and of the former he observes:

"Respecting the merits of such as have been published with diagrams, in the manner of the following essay, being chiefly recent publications, the author declines any critical examination, conceiving it would not become him to censure the works of gentlemen, who have been laudably endeavouring to communicate information on a subject of great national importance, or to point out errors, from which, with all his care, his own work may not be totally free; it will be sufficient for him to declare, that he would not have intruded a new work upon the public, had he not himself thought it possessed, in point of clearness, a decided superiority over such as had preceded it; but for an opinion so liable to a suspicion of partiality, he expects no credit, and requires commendation only from a fair examination of his performance." *Pref. to 1st. Edit.*

This examination has already taken place, by those who were best fitted to judge of the merits of Mr. Smirke's able endeavours, and the result has, to him, been most grateful and honourable. Prefatory to this edition, we are told, that "His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, and many illustrious officers in the service, as well as others, received the first impression with very flattering marks of approbation," of which it becomes us merely to be the echo, strenuously recommending Mr. S.'s lucid and masterly exposition of several important tactic manœuvres, to the attention and

study of every one who commands in the service, or bears arms in defence, of his king and country.

The work is, by permission, dedicated to his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

The History of the Revolutions of Russia to the Accession of Catherine the First; including a concise Review of the Manners and Customs of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Henry Card, A. B. Pemb. Coll. Oxon. *Concluded from Page* 109.

In his third revolution, which embraces the invasion and conquest of Russia by the Tartars, and the shameful tribute imposed by them upon the whole nation, for the permission of breathing their native air, our author gives a brief, but clear sketch of the calamities and horrors with which they were afflicted. The unexpected invasion of these desperate enemies plunged them again into the most lamentable barbarism, out of which they were just beginning to rise, by the benign and civilizing influence of christianity. For nearly the space of two hundred years the iron yoke of the conquerors galled the necks of the degraded and unfortunate inhabitants; until, in the person of Ivan Vassilievitz, a hero arose to rescue his countrymen from bondage, and revive the sinking name of Russia. Under his auspices we behold them adopting the best measure which could conduce to their internal and external prosperity and renown, and inspirited by that public courage, without which national independence can neither be acquired nor preserved; but which, under their cruel and remorseless oppressions had so miserably languished, as to leave all classes destitute of the spirit of energy, union, and patriotism.

The reign of Ivan the Fourth furnishes many curious and important circumstances. This monarch, who was alike terrible to his enemies and to his subjects, had the glory of fixing the last epoch of the decline of the Tartars, of subverting the kingdom of Kazan, of subduing Astrakan, and of first opening the regular channels of trade and commerce to his rude subjects: he established at Narva, which was then obedient to his power, a mart for foreign merchants; he received with distinction at his court, Richard Chancellor, the first English navigator who entered the port of Archangel, and in a letter to King Edward the Sixth, written in the most alluring terms of favour and protection, he invited us to traffic with his subjects. The invitation produced the desired effect, and, at no great distance of time, a lucrative intercourse was opened with this

vast empire, which led to the establishment of the Russian company; an institution that remained in possession of the whole commerce of the Archangel, until the death of Charles II. For the introduction of the art of printing the Russians were also indebted to this monarch, and although his enlightened policy and munificence were for some years frustrated by the dulness of his subjects, they succeeded at length in affording no mean proof of national improvement in an edition of the gospels, the acts, and some of the epistles.

The exertions of Ivan are, in this respect, the more to be praised and admired, as learning was not only in a most deplorable state throughout the empire, but even the first elements of common literature were rarely known. His own skill in reading did not reach beyond the perusal of the bible. The inferior clergy were plunged in the most profound ignorance, and the monks were so slightly acquainted with the origin and nature of their institution, that they were unable to trace it to its founder, or to define its duties. *Three* men only in Russia, besides the physicians, who were few in number, understood the Latin language, and of the Greek, notwithstanding their blind devotion to that church, all were completely ignorant. With the higher branches of the sacerdotal dignity the emperor himself was a competitor in learning, but they attempted to atone for their deficiency by a display of outward piety, a strict attention to forms, and an extraordinary rigour in the celebration of ecclesiastical rites.

Having narrated the extinction of the House of Rurik, and the usurpation of Boris and Demetrius, Mr. Card leads his reader to the establishment of the house of Romanof in 1613, when Michael Federovitz, the founder of the present reigning family, was unanimously elected Czar by the deputies of the nation, consisting of the nobles, the merchants, the citizens, and the proprietors of lands. This event, which conveyed the sceptre to a new race of princes, must be hailed as the settlement of domestic peace and union, and the happy opening of permanent civilization. "Under them," the historian eloquently observes, "were first to appear those liberal principles of administration, which harmonize, beautify, and polish society. Under them maritime communications were to be maintained along the shores of a continent of an immense extent; noble foundations of charity, public and private, to be established, stupendous works of national honour to be erected, population to increase, agriculture to advance, and wealth to be wafted into those cities, which had so long been the seat of penury

and oppression. Under them also the spirit of science, which had been fettered by the grossness of early superstition, and by the influence of external control, was to emerge with such dignity and vigour as to effect a most considerable and happy change in the sentiments of the higher ranks, and in the habits of the lower, by disseminating those seeds of taste which stimulate the mind to the cultivation of every polite attainment. Lastly, under them the design of the architect, the chissel of the statuary, the pencil of the artist, and the skill of the mechanic, were to be encouraged and rewarded with all the munificence of imperial patriotism."

The review of the manners and customs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries claims the peculiar attention of the reader, and assigns to the writer no inconsiderable rank, whether he be considered in a political, religious, or philosophical view. He has exercised the freedom of enquiry without licentiousness, and wherever the opportunity presented itself, he has displayed that liberality and benevolence which must render him respectable in the opinion of all who, impressed with sentiments of true piety and rational freedom, are the enemies of every kind of bigotry.

His concluding chapter, in which the accession of Peter the Great and all the useful actions and splendid achievements of that monarch are detailed, is equally distinguished for the fidelity with which facts are enumerated, and the perspicuity with which they are arranged. With the leading events of his glorious reign, every one who has turned over the page of modern history must be fully acquainted. We shall therefore content ourselves with giving some of the most perminent traits of that great man's character, as they are delineated by the author. After describing his personal qualifications, Mr. Card says,

"In the dispatch of business, the most complicated that ever engaged the attention of a great monarch, the activity of his mind and body was equally wonderful. In the same day this reformer of his country was employed in the labours of trade, in the pursuits of literature, in the formation of laws, in the decisions of justice, and in the plan and execution of victorious engagements by land and by sea. In summer or winter, peace or war, his exertions were equally unexampled and unimpaired; and such was the celerity of his journeys, that his subjects, not less than his foes, have beheld with astonishment the presence of the Czar, when they supposed him at the most distant part of the empire. Peter possessed the art of directing his attention to small as well as great objects, with a degree of precision and dispatch, of which his ignorant people had little or no conception; and his plans were no less formed to affect Russia in her present than future state. Even those who were most obnoxious to his measures, had the generosity to allow, that he had a head to conceive, and a hand to execute

designs, apparently impracticable, without being intimidated by the hatred of a powerful faction, or by the clamours of a superstitious multitude. The threatening wariness of Fabius, and the impetuous bravery of Scipio, were qualities he could assume with equal dexterity and success, for the safety and glory of his empire.

"To his genius, therefore, and not to his fortune, we must ascribe those striking and permanent advantages which he gained over the foreign and domestic foes of his country.

"A love of fame instigated him to all his great exploits. And his behaviour after the battle of Pultowa, and critical situation on the total defeat of his army at Narva, enabled him to convince the world, by two most remarkable examples, that he merited the rare praise of sustaining prosperity with moderation, adversity with firmness.

"Yet the solemn voice of truth constrains us to declare, that in an attentive examination of the character of Peter, there were several qualities wanting to throw a lustre and beauty on the whole appearance. His intemperance, a vice most unbecoming the dignity of a monarch, often proved fatal to those who approached his person, or were subject to his power. With equal truth, it may be also observed, his sordid parsimony sunk him into the disgraceful character of a miser. Humanity must also deplore, that in the coolness of his temper he could exercise his revenge. Unhappily, too much regulated in his administration by the cruel maxims and bloody examples of the fourth Ivan, his reign is sullied by the execution of many innocent victims; while, to eradicate treason, he often employed the axe where his best instrument would have been forgiveness.

"The effects of the hasty ebullitions of his temper, however formidable they were, still only reached a small number of his subjects, while the millions of an immense empire lived in happy obscurity to enjoy the fruits of his multifarious labours; and ages yet unborn shall applaud the deliverer of Russia, whose untutored wisdom could burst the chains of ignorance, and breathe into his subjects that happy spirit of union and improvement which gradually led them to the love and cultivation of every civilized virtue."

We have in the former part of our review, expressed our sentiments of the merits of this work; but we cannot dismiss it without remarking that the author has no less distinguished himself as a candid critic than an able historian. The writers from whom he differs, he uniformly treats with respect; he advances his own opinions with modesty, and enforces them by strong authorities. He says in his preface, "Should the public opinion prove auspicious to my present attempt, I may feel emboldened to add the last link to a chain of revolutions, which at first contributed to check, but afterwards so greatly to extend the prosperity and renown of the empire." We earnestly recommend to him to pursue his design; the revolution of the second Catharine would prove a most copious and interesting subject for the pen of the historian, and we feel no hesitation in saying, from the specimen which he has here given of his

assiduity, judgment, and taste, that his talents would be employed to great advantage.

We have noticed some inaccuracies and errors, but they are chiefly those,

> ——— "*Quas aut incuria fudit,*
> *Aut humana parùm cavet natura:*"——

and if we have some instances of a phraseology too glittering and redundant, we are never disgusted with the laboured periods of the pedant, or the affected jargon and puzzling quaintness of the writer, who, however excellent his matter, founds his reputation for style, on the oddity of his expression, and the singular construction of his sentences.

A Bibliographical Dictionary, containing a chronological Account, alphabetically arranged, of the most curious, scarce, useful, and important Books, in all Departments of Literature, which have been published in Latin, Greek, Coptic, Hebrew, Samaritan, Syriac, Chaldee, Æthiopic, Arabic, Persian, Armenian, &c. from the Infancy of Printing to the Beginning of the nineteenth Century, with biographical Anecdotes of Authors, Printers, and Publishers; a distinct Notation of the Editiones principes et Optimæ, and the Price of each Article, (where it could be ascertained) from the best London Catalogues, and public Sales of the most valuable Libraries, both at Home and abroad; including the whole of the fourth Edition of Dr. Harwood's View of the Classics, with innumerable Additions and Amendments. To which are added, an Essay on Bibliography, with a general and particular Account of different Authors on that Subject, in Latin, French, Italian, German, and English—a Description of their Works, first, improved and best Editions, with critical Judgments on the whole. Extracted from the best bibliographical and typographical Authorities; and an Account of the best Translation of each Greek and Latin Classic. Vol. I. II. III. Small 8vo. Baynes, Pater-Noster-Row. 1802.

"To furnish the student and scholar with a portable and useful alphabetical manual, which may assist them in the choice of books, condensing the most important information of numerous bibliographical works, is the editor's intention. If he *have* succeeded in any tolerable degree, it is what he ardently wished, and for which he earnestly laboured."

"In the compilation of this work, besides innumerable collections from sale catalogues, the best bibliographical authorities have been consulted and followed. The biographical anecdotes are taken chiefly from the Nouveau Dictionaire Historique, seventh edition, Lyons, 1789, and the critical judgments from too many quarters to be dinstinctly specified.

"Those who have the smallest acquaintance with the difficulty of compiling such a work as the present, will not be surprised to meet with several mistakes, and will not be hasty in censuring. In so many thousand of dates, places and prices, these are unavoidable. The chief of those already noticed are the following,* which the candid reader will find no difficulty to excuse, and not much trouble to correct."

Such is the editor's account of, and apology for, a work which will be found to blend many excellencies, with frequent and glaring defects. The editions of the Analecta and Anthologia, by Jacobs and De Bosch, with the very valuable one of Epictetus, by Schweigheuser, and many others, are totally unnoticed. The fragments of Alcæus, are said to be printed in the Corpus Poetarum of Mattaire, a work appropriated to Latin authors. The dates, and the number of volumes in which particular works are said to be contained, are frequently incorrect, and the account (promised in the title-page) of the best English translation of each Greek and Latin classic, has been strangely neglected.

The work however will, notwithstanding, be found useful and interesting. We have only to recommend to the editor greater care in conducting the succeeding volumes.

The Volunteer's Guide in two Parts, with Plates. By J. Keith, of the Loyal North Britons. pp. 38. 12mo. Roach.

In his advertisement, the author of this skilful pamphlet well observes that, "The offers of these gentlemen (the volunteers) have caused the measure of arming the people at large to be laid aside; the responsibility they have undertaken is therefore great, and they have certainly subjected themselves to the charge of having deceived government, and left their country exposed to destruction, unless by expertness *in military discipline*, they become speedily qualified to oppose, in the field of battle, a regular and well disciplined enemy."

The first part is *the soldier's assistant to the manual and platoon exercise*; and the second, *the volunteer officer's guide, through a review of twelve manœuvres.* The latter division was much wanted; and we may safely recommend both as likely to prove very useful to the numerous novices in the profession of arms.

John and Dame, or the Loyal Cottagers. By Mr. Pratt, Price 4d. Phillips, St. Paul's Church Yard. 1803.

This little poem is not only intimately connected with, but in a manner supplemental to the last volume of the 'Gleanings,' an ac-

* Given in a list of errata.

count of which was given in the review department of our last Mirror. It would therefore be unjust to pass it by without observing that although it was avowedly written as a spontaneous free-will offering of the author's muse to his country, consequently is in some measure local, that locality is, from his manner of treating the subject, of the highest interest and import.

At the same time there is interwoven with the whole so much pleasing sentiment and scenery, and such grouping of persons and objects, as render the whole, notwithstanding a few inaccuracies, a praiseworthy effusion of patriotism and poetry.

A Vindication of the Genuineness of the ancient British Poems of Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hêu, and Merdhin, with Specimens of the Poems. By Sharon Turner, F. A. S. 8vo. pp. 284. Longman and Rees.

The authenticity of the poems in question, having been publicly impeached,* and their advocates accused of gross credulity, Mr. Turner has *here*, with the candour and moderation we heartily wish were preserved in all literary controversies, stated the reasons which have induced him to adopt, and quote them, in his Anglo-Saxon history, as genuine.

After anticipating the enquiry "why these works have not been made known to the world before our time?" in a few preliminary observations, in which he assures us that the Welsh have poems, romances, chronicles, grammars, treatises on music, agriculture and astronomy, theological, ethical and medical works of different authors, from the time of the bards, to our own; and endeavours to account for their being as little known in England, or in Europe, as the compositions of the Chinese; he proceeds to state the proposition on which the present essay is grounded, viz. "that there are poems now existing in the Welsh or ancient British language, which were written by Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hêu and Merdhin†, who flourished between the years 500 and 600."

In deducing the proofs in favour of *their* authenticity, from the external and the internal evidence, Mr. Turner has gone into a vari-

* By Mr. Pinkerton, in his preface to Babour, and in a review (not distinguished, says Mr. T. by the urbanity of its style, or the correctness of its criticism) of my Anglo-Saxon history, published in the Critical Review for January 1800. Likewise by Mr. Malcolm Laing, in a note to his dissertation on Ossian's Poems, &c. &c. *Rev.*

† The poems which have been ascribed to these authors, occupy the first one hundred and fifty-three pages of the Welsh Archaiology, and are entitled "The Cynveirdd," or the most ancient poets.

ety of interesting matter, and treated the subject in a style which reflects the highest credit on his science and erudition.

As the Welsh poetical triads are a species of composition, probably *wholly* unknown to many of our readers; we shall take the liberty of transcribing the following specimen, which, says Mr. T. must be allowed to contain many valuable observations, expressed with singular brevity.

"The three foundations of genius; the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life."

"The three first requisites of genius: an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares follow it."

"The three things indispensible to genius: understanding, meditation, and perseverance."

"The three things that ennoble genius: vigour, discretion, and knowledge.

"The three tokens of genius: extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertion."

"The three things that improve genius: proper exertion, frequent exertion, and succesful exertion."

"The three things that support genius: prosperity, social acquaintance, and applause."

"The three things that will ensure praise: amiable manners, scientific learning, and pure morals."

"The three qualifications of poetry: endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought."

"The three pillars of judgment: bold design, frequent practice, and frequent mistakes."

"The three pillars of learning: seeing much, suffering much, and studying much."

"The three pillars of happiness: to suffer contentedly, to hope that it is coming, to believe that it will arrive."

"The three ornaments of thought: perspicuity, correctness, and novelty."

"The three embellishments of a song: fine invention, happy subject, and a masterly harmonious composition."

"The three properties of a song: correct fancy, correct order, and correct metre."

"The three ends of a song: to improve the understanding, to amend the heart, and to soothe the reflection."

"The three things which constitute a poet: Genius, knowledge, impulse."

"The three honours of a poet: strength of imagination, profundity of learning, and purity of morals."

Surely this one specimen will be more than sufficient to prevent our readers from contemplating them, as, "*proclamations of absurdity.**"

* See Critical Review, vol. 33, new Arr. p. 122.

The grand Contest deliberately considered; or a View of the Causes and probable Consequences of the threatened Invasion of Great Britain, with a Sketch of the Life and Actions of the First Consul; particularly since the Peace of 1802. Addressed to Britons. By Francis Blagdon, Esq. To which are subjoined, Notes historical and explanatory, and a British War Song, set to Music for the Piano Forte, by the Author. 1s. 6d. *and* 1s. *Vernor and Hood.* 1803.

Among the numerous addresses to the sense and spirit of the country, which the present alarming crisis has produced, the one now before us is entitled to no ordinary rank. It is very aptly prefaced by Dr. Valpy's energetic lines, introduced into his alteration of *King John*, which have been so rapturously applauded on the stage. Mr. Blagdon takes a comprehensive, and, we think, also a correct view of the conduct of the French consul, from his first sanguinary exploit at *Toulon*, down to the murder of the Turks at *Jaffa*. We have not room to follow the author through his various observations; but we can recommend the pamphlet as a very eloquent and animating appeal to the patriotic feelings of Englishmen, accompanied by some cautionary hints respecting the French residents in London, the propriety of which government has acknowledged, by recommending the late proclamations respecting aliens.

The Stranger in France: or, a Tour from Devonshire to Paris. Illustrated by Engravings in Aqua Tinta, of Sketches taken on the Spot. By John Carr, Esq. 4to. 1*l.* 1s. 0d. *Large Paper* 1*l.* 11s. 6*d.* *Johnson. London.* 1803. *(Continued from Page* 192.*)*

On his way to St. Catherine's Mount, near Rouen, Mr. Carr received a very interesting recital from one of the parties who had been a sufferer in the transaction related. The French revolution, so productive of barbarity and slaughter, was also signalized by numerous instances of heroic magnanimity;—the human character, under this great political convulsion, appeared alternately in its best and worst point of view; it sometimes reached its highest possible exaltation, as it was too often sunk to the lowest pitch of depravity.

In the following extract we present our readers with a most amiable portrait of filial piety.

"I have before had occasion to mention the humane conduct of Madame G—— towards the persecuted abbé; she soon afterwards, with the principal ladies of the city, fell under the displeasure of Robespierre, and his agents.—

Their only crime was wealth, honourably acquired. A committee, composed of the most worthless people of Rouen, was formed, who, in the name of, and for the use of the nation, seized upon the valuable stock of Messrs. G——, who were natives of France. In one night, by torch-light, their extensive warehouses were sacked, and all their stores were forcibly sold, in the public market-place, to the best bidder: the plundered merchants were paid the amount of the sale in assignats, in a paper currency which then bore an enormous discount, and shortly afterwards retained only the value of the paper upon which the national note was written. In short, in a few hours, an honourable family, nobly allied, were despoiled of property to the amount of £.25,000 sterling. Other merchants shared the same fate. This act of robbery was followed by an act of cruelty. Madame G——, the mother, who was born in England, and who married a French gentleman of large fortune, whom she survived, of a delicate frame, and advanced in years, was committed to prison, where, with many other female sufferers, she was closely confined for eleven months, during which time she was compelled to endure all sorts of privations. After the committee of rapine had settled their black account, and had remitted the guilty balance to their employers, the latter, in a letter of 'friendly collusion, and fraudulent familiarity,' after passing a few revolutionary jokes upon what had occurred, observed that the G——s seemed to bleed very freely, and that, as it was likely they must have credit with many persons to a large amount, directed their obedient and active banditti to order these devoted gentlemen to draw, and to deliver to them their draughts, upon all such persons who stood indebted to their extensive concern. In the words of a celebrated orator,* 'Though they had shaken the tree till nothing remained upon the leafless branches, yet a new flight was on the wing, to watch the first buddings of its prosperity, and to nip every hope of future foliage and fruit.'

The G——s expected this visit, and, by an ingenious and justified expedient, prevented their perdition from becoming decisive.

"Soon after the gates of the prison were closed upon Madame G——, her eldest son, a man of commanding person, and eloquent address, in defiance of every friendly, and of every affectionate entreaty, flew to Paris.

"It was in the evening of the last winter which beheld its snows crimsoned with revolutionary carnage, when he presented himself, undismayed, before that committee, whose horrible nature will be better described by merely relating the names of its members, then sitting, than by the most animated and elaborate delineations of all its deadly deeds of rapine and of blood. At a table, covered with green cloth, shabbily lighted, in one of the committee rooms of the national assembly, were seated Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, Carnot, and David.—They were occupied in filling up the lists for the *permanent* guillotine, erected very near them, in la Place de la Revolution, which the executioners were then clearing of its gore, and preparing for the next day's butchery. In this devoted capital, more blood had, during that day, streamed upon the scaffold, than on any one day during the revolution.

"The terrified inhabitants, in darkness, in remote recesses of their desolate houses, were silently offering up a prayer to the great God of Mercy to release

* Vide Sheridan's oration against Hastings upon the Begum charge.

them, in a way most suitable to his wisdom, from such scenes of deep dismay and remorseless slaughter.

"Robespierre, as usual, was dressed with great neatness and gaiety; the *savage* was generally *scented*, whilst his associates were habited, en Jacobin, in the squalid filthy fashion of that era of the revolution, in the dress of blackguards.

"Mr. G—— bowed, and addressed them very respectfully. 'I am come, citizens, before you,' said this amiable son, 'to implore the release of my mother; she is pining in the prisons of Rouen, without having committed any offence; she is in years; and if her confinement continues, her children, whose fortunes have been placed at the disposal of the national exigencies, will have to lament her death; grant the prayer of her son; restore, I conjure you, by all the rights of nature, restore her to her afflicted family.' Robespierre looked obliquely at him, and, with his accustomed sharpness, interrupted him from proceeding further, by exclaiming 'what right have *you* to appear before us, miscreant? you are an agent of Pitt and Cobourg (the then common phrase of reproach) you shall be sent to the guillotine—Why are you not at the frontiers?' Monsieur G——, unappalled, replied, 'Give me my mother, and I will be there to-morrow; I am ready instantly to spill my blood, if it must be the price of *her* discharge.' Robespierre, whose savage soul was occasionally moved by sights of heroic virtue, seemed impressed with this brave and unusual address.—He paused, and after whispering a few words to his associates, wrote the discharge, and handing it over to a soldier, for the successful petitioner, he fiercely told him to retire.

"Mr. G—— instantly set out for Rouen, where, after a long and severe journey, he arrived, exhausted with fatigue and agitation of mind; without refreshment, this excellent man flew to the gates of the prison, which contained his mother, and presented the discharge to the gaoler, who drily, with a brutal grin, informed him that a trick had been played off upon him, that he had just received a counter order, which he held in his hand, and refused to release her!!!

"It turned out, that immediately after Mr. G—— had left the committee room, the relenting disposition which he had momentarily awakened in the barbarous breast of Robespierre had subsided.

"The generous sentiment was of short and sickly growth, and withered under the gloomy fatal shade of his sanguinary nature. A chasseur had been dispatched with the counter order, who passed the exulting but deluded G—— on the road.

"A short time after this, and a few days before Madame G—— and her unhappy companions were to have perished on the scaffold, the gates of their prison flew open---the world was released from a monster---Robespierre was no more."

This affecting narrative is followed by an anecdote respecting Madame Phillope, the hostess of the Hotel de Poitiers, which places her character in a most amiable light. By such *easy stages* our amusing traveller carries us along with him to Paris, where, on his arrival, he took up his abode at the *Hôtel de Rouen*. Mr. Carr gives a minute description of the consular guard, and the gardens

of the Thuilleries, with Bonaparte's improvements, whose taste for the arts Mr. C. always mentions with great respect. He examined, also, the celebrated Sabine picture, by David, and had an interview with M. Perregaud, the rich banker, of whose history we are presented with some interesting particulars. To this gentleman, so well known for his generous attention to the natives of this country, Mr. Carr expresses his obligations for a most liberal offer of pecuniary accommodation. The present dress of the Parisienne belles, after the antique, is attributed to David, the celebrated painter, and though the exposure is inconsistent both with health and modesty, it certainly may be considered as a most graceful assistant to the loveliness of nature. Mr. Carr poetically compares the airy effect produced by it to "the mist of incense, undulating over a display of beauty and symmetry, only to be rivalled by those exquisite models of Grecian taste which first furnished these new ideas of personal decoration."

Flowers of Literature for 1801 *and* 1802: *or characteristic Sketches of Human Nature and modern Manners. To which is added, a general View of Literature during that Period. With Notes, historical, critical, and explanatory. By the Rev. T. Prevost and F. Blagdon, Esq. Vol. I. to be continued annually.* 12*mo.* 5*s. pp.* 462. *Crosby.* 1803.

"There are, in the republic of letters, heavy, undiscerning, and tasteless transcribers, who, like the dull and unfruitful drone, despoil the treasure by which they exist; but there are also judicious and spirited compilers, who endeavour to combine the useful with the agreeable." We have no hesitation in allowing to the editors of this agreeable collection the credit which belongs to the latter description. In rambling through the fields of literature, they have culled in general nothing but *flowers*, and in this employment they have further shewn their taste by selecting such as afford the greatest variety of hue, and yield the most delicious odours. The works from which they have made their extracts are most of them productions of real merit. From *Old Nick*, in particular, the editors have had the discernment to make very copious selections; and even in publications of inferior worth, and little popularity, they have discovered some striking passages, which deserved to be detached from the mass of dullness with which they were incorporated.

In the *Introduction*, which exhibits a general view of literature for 1801 and 1802, and in the notes, which are numerous and well written, the writers have manifested a very intimate acquaintance

with the various publications, foreign and domestic, that were produced within those periods.

With respect to the contents of this volume, in point of tendency, the editors shall speak for themselves.

"We can safely assure our readers, that no fragments have been admitted into this volume, but such as are calculated to support and preserve, inviolable, the civil and religious establishments of our country, and such as will tend to maintain the character of its inhabitants pure in its taste, correct in its judgment, and honest in its intellects. In short, we have endeavoured to provide both for the juvenile and the superficial reader, such wholesome food as will at once afford pleasure, and supply nourishment to the mind, as well as strengthen it against the attacks of its most inveterate and most dangerous enemies, immorality and impiety."

We lately commended a work published by the present editors under the title of *Mooriana.* This volume is on a plan nearly similar, but we understand is not to interfere with the series of *ana* which they announced in their preface. They are both very pleasing and instructive compilations, and, under such able conductors, are likely to meet with great encouragement from the public.

English Parsing, comprising the Rules of Syntax, exemplified by appropriate Lessons under each Rule; with an Index containing all the Parts of Speech in the different Lessons unparsed. For the Use of Schools, private Teachers, and elder Students. By James Giles, Master of the Free-School, Gravesend. 12*mo,* *pp.* 136. *Robinsons, &c.* 1803.

THIS appears to be one of the most useful books of its kind which has ever fallen under our notice: the rules are very simple, and adapted to the meanest capacity. As Mr. Giles uses Lindley Murray's *grammar* and *English exercises*, he has taken all the rules from his syntax, with as little variation as possible; and has likewise followed his mode of parsing, as closely as the nature of the work would allow; these lessons being intended as an introduction from his grammar to his English exercises.

We need only observe, to recommend this work to those for whom it has been expressly written, that without a right knowledge of parsing, no person is fitly qualified to teach the English language with grammatical precision, and that Mr. Giles has completely succeeded in rendering that knowledge of easy acquisition, by putting his rules into the most familiar and methodical shape.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis. Cicero.
The Imitation of Life---The Mirror of Manners---The Representation of Truth.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

No. V.

ON TRAGEDY. BY DR. BLAIR.

[Continued from page 199.]

Having now spoken of the conduct of the subject throughout the acts, it is also necessary to take notice of the conduct of the several scenes which make up the acts of a play.

The entrance of a new personage upon the stage, forms, what is, called, a new scene. These scenes, or successive conversations, should be closely linked and connected with each other; and much of the art of dramatic composition is shown in maintaining this connection. Two rules are necessary to be observed for this purpose.

The first is, that, during the course of one act, the stage should never be left vacant, though but for a single moment; that is, all the persons who have appeared in one scene or conversation, should never go off together, and be succeeded by a new set of persons appearing in the next scene, independent of the former. This makes a gap, or total interruption in the representation, which, in effect, puts an end to that act. For, wherever the stage is evacuated, the act is closed. This rule is, very generally, observed by the French tragedians; but the English writers, both of comedy and tragedy, seldom pay any regard to it. Their personages succeed one another upon the stage with so little connection; the union of their scenes is so much broken, that, with equal propriety, their plays might be divided into ten or twelve acts, as into five.

The second rule, which the English writers also observe little better than the former, is, that no person shall come upon the stage, or leave it, without a reason appearing to us, both for the one and the other. Nothing is more awkward, and contrary to art, than for an actor to enter, without our seeing any cause for his appearing in that scene, except that it was for the poet's purpose he should enter precisely at such a moment; or for an actor to go away without any reason for his retiring, farther than that the poet had no more speeches to put into his mouth. This is managing the personæ dramatis exactly like so many puppets, who are moved by wires, to

answer the call of the masters of the show. Whereas the perfection of dramatic writing requires that every thing should be conducted in imitation, as near as possible, of some real transaction; where we are let into the secret of all that is passing, where we behold persons before us always busy; see them coming and going; and know perfectly whence they come, and whither they go, and about what they are employed.

All that I have hitherto said, relates to the unity of the dramatic action. In order to render the unity of action more complete, critics have added the other two unities of time and place. The strict observance of these is more difficult, and, perhaps, not so necessary. The unity of place requires, that the scene should never be shifted; but that the action of the play should be continued to the end, in the same place where it is supposed to begin. The unity of time, strictly taken, requires, that the time of the action be no longer than the time that is allowed for the representation of the play; though Aristotle seems to have given the poet a little more liberty, and permitted the action to comprehend the whole time of one day.

The intention of both these rules is, to overcharge, as little as possible, the imagination of the spectators with improbable circumstances in the acting the play, and to bring the imitation more close to reality. We must observe, that the nature of dramatic exhibitions upon the Greek stage subjected the ancient tragedians to a more strict observance of these unities than is necessary in modern theatres. I showed, that a Greek tragedy was one uninterrupted representation, from beginning to end. There was no division of acts; no pauses or interval between them; but the stage was continually full; occupied either by the actors or the chorus. Hence, no room was left for the imagination to go beyond the precise time and place of the representation; any more than is allowed during the continuance of one act, on the modern theatre.

But the practice of suspending the spectacle totally for some little time between the acts, has made a great and material change; gives more latitude to the imagination, and renders the ancient strict confinement to time and place less necessary. While the acting of the play is interrupted, the spectator can, without any great or violent effort, suppose a few hours to pass between every act; or can suppose himself moved from one apartment of a palace, or one part of a city to another: and, therefore, too strict an observance of these unities, ought not to be preferred to higher beauties of exe-

cution, nor to the introduction of more pathetic situations which sometimes cannot be accomplished in any other way, than by the transgression of these rules.

On the ancient stage, we plainly see the poets struggling with many an inconvenience, in order to preserve those unities which were then so necessary. As the scene could never be shifted, they were obliged to make it always lie in some court of a palace, or some public area, to which all the persons concerned in the action might have equal access. This led to frequent improbabilities, by representing things as transacted there, which naturally ought to have been transacted before few witnesses, and in private apartments. The like improbabilities arose, from limiting themselves so much in point of time. Incidents were unnaturally crowded; and it is easy to point out several instances in the Greek tragedies where events are supposed to pass during a song of the chorus, which must necessarily have employed many hours.

But though it seems necessary to set modern poets free from a strict observance of these dramatic unities, yet we must remember there are certain bounds to this liberty. Frequent and wild changes of time and place; hurrying the spectator from one distant city, or country, to another; or making several days or weeks to pass during the course of the representation, are liberties which shock the imagination, which give to the performance a romantic and unnatural appearance, and, therefore, cannot be allowed in any dramatic writer, who aspires to correctness. In particular, we must remember, that it is only between the acts, that any liberty can be given for going beyond the unities of time and place. During the course of each act, they ought to be strictly observed; that is, during each act the scene should continue the same, and no more time should be supposed to pass, than is employed in the representation of that act. This is a rule which the French tragedians regularly observe. To violate this rule, as is too often done by the English; to change the place, and shift the scene, in the midst of one act, shews great incorrectness, and destroys the whole intention of the division of a play into acts. Mr. Addison's Cato is remarkably beyond most English tragedies for regularity of conduct. The author has limited himself, in time, to a single day; and in place, has maintained the most rigorous unity. The scene is never changed; and the whole action passes in the hall of Cato's house, at Utica.

In general, the nearer a poet can bring the dramatic representation, in all its circumstances, to an imitation of nature and real life, the impression which he makes on us will always be the more

perfect. Probability, as I observed at the beginning of the lecture, is highly essential to the conduct of the tragic action, and we are always hurt by the want of it. It is this that makes the observance of the dramatic unities to be of consequence, as far as they can be observed, without sacrificing more material beauties. It is not, as has been sometimes said, that, by the preservation of the unities of time and place, spectators are deceived into a belief of the reality of the objects which are set before them on the stage; and that, when those unities are violated, the charm is broken, and they discover the whole to be a faction. No such deception as this can ever be accomplished. No one ever imagines himself to be at Athens, or Rome, when a Greek or Roman subject is presented on the stage. He knows the whole to be an imitation only; but he requires that imitation to be conducted with skill and verisimilitude. His pleasure, the entertainment which he expects, the interest which he is to take in the story, all depend on its being so conducted. His imagination, therefore, seeks to aid the imitation, and to rest on the probability; and the poet, who shocks him by inprobable circumstances, and by awkward, unskilful imitation, deprives him of his pleasure, and leaves him hurt and displeased. This is the whole mystery of the theatrical illusion.

SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

KING HENRY VIII.

—"Nicholas Hopkins,"

Henton which stood in the place of *Hopkins* (from confounding the name of the convent with that of the monk) is, says Mr. Steevens, a mistake, that must have been Shakspeare's; *as it would be doing too much honour to the players, to suppose them capable of being the authors of it.*

The honour of *being capable* of making *such a mistake*, the players, I suppose, would have been as little disposed to covet, as would Shakspeare himself to deprecate the *disgrace* of it; the truth is, there is little of disgrace, and still less of honour, belonging at all to the question; but if the honour, thus magnified, be the praise due to knowledge, howsoever misapplied, many of the players were as much above Shakspeare in accurate knowledge and systematic acquirements, as Shakspeare himself is superior, in genius, to the most elaborate of his commentators.

"I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
"Whose figure, even this instant cloud puts on,
"By dark'ning my clear sun."

I am but Buckingham's shadow; and my substance is become only a mark or emblem to distinguish and characterise the cloud of disgrace that overwhelms me. If this be not satisfactory, I must leave the sense to be explained by some one more discerning and perspicuous, than myself, and more lucky than any of the ingenious commentators heretofore.

"That for your highness' good I ever labour'd,
"More than my own; that am, have and will be,
"Tho' all the world shou'd crack their duty to you,
"And throw it from their soul, tho' perils," &c.

There is here a palpable omission that leaves the sense perplexed and imperfect. Some arrangement like this is necessary:

"That for your highness good I ever labor'd
"More than my own; that I am, have been, and shall be,
"(Tho' all the world should crack their duty to you,
"And throw it from their soul) *most firm and loyal*,
"Tho' perils," &c.

——"He was never,
"But where he meant to ruin, pitiful."

He never exhibited compassion but where his secret design was cruelty. Junius seems to have made use of this thought, when, speaking of an instance of apparent candour in Lord Mansfield, he remarks, "That cunning Scotchman never speaks truth but with a fraudulent design,"—and Otway, in the Orphan,

"'Tis thus the false Hyena makes her moan,
"And all who pity you are made your prey."

——"This cardinal
"Was fashioned to much honour: from his cradle
"He was a scholar," &c.

I am surprised to find Theobald's clear punctuation rejected by the last editor.

"Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle."

There is no violence (at least poetic precedent fully warrants it) in saying a man was formed by nature for greatness—that he was ennobled by nature at his birth; but to say that any one was born a scholar, and a *ripe scholar*, cannot be reconciled to any thing like truth or propriety of expression.

THE WINTER THEATRES.

The present season may be considered as a kind of era in theatrical history. It has proclaimed the dissolution, for a time at least, of that managerial compact by which the interests of the two winter houses were supposed, in a certain measure, to be united. There has been an interchange of performers without mutual privity. Each theatre has made an effort to circumvent its rival, and the courtesy which prevailed respecting the acting of particular plays, has been less strictly observed; but what forms the principal feature of this revolution, is the abduction of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons from Drury-Lane theatre, after an uninterrupted reign there, of almost twenty years. Mr. Kemble is now a joint proprietor of Covent-Garden; and as property without a power over it, is held by a precarious tenure, he is also invested with the management of the stage concerns. Mr. Lewis has resigned to him an office which, from the year 1782, he has discharged with the most indefatigable and zealous diligence, and with a popularity which nothing but very polished manners, and a well-regulated temper, could so long have ensured to him, in so arduous a situation. Mr. Lewis, however, though retired from this irksome duty, does not quit the stage. He will still continue to gratify the public with his exquisite talents in genteel and lively comedy, a walk in which he has never yet met with a competitor, and, if we may judge from present appearances, will leave, at his retirement, no tolerable successor.

The alterations we have noticed must necessarily produce a considerable change in the system at both houses. This will be felt as the season advances. Hitherto nothing very remarkable has occurred to attract the notice of the theatrical amateur, unless it be that, in the play-bills of Covent-Garden, the same order is observed as in those of Drury-Lane; the characters being now arranged according to the degrees of society, and not, as before, correspondently with the rank of the part, or the reputation and consequence of the performer. The actor who plays the part of a knight or a baronet must give way to a *candle-snuffer*, should he happen to represent a member of the peerage. There is this difficulty attending Mr. Kemble's plan. Unless the manager be an able *Master of the Ceremonies*, he may chance to infringe the laws of precedency. In one respect the measure is certainly proper: it prevents the possibility of contention upon the subject, and any invidious comment or sensation among the performers. Mr. Kemble having taken the *tide at the flood*, (the three last seasons having been the most profitable that were ever known) he must be a very unskilful navigator indeed, if it do not *lead on to fortune*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Written on returning from Mildenhall *in a very tempestuous Night, Friday, 7th Oct. with my Brother-in-Law, Mr. C. F. by assistance of a Guide and* Warren Lantern *over a great Extent of Heath.*

SONNET.

O Pilot, not o'er sea, but sea-like land,
Whether forlorn a *Dame** o'er *Brandon* stray,
Sans Charioteer, or Errant Wights their way
O'er *Barrow's* Wilds and Hills, Falls, Gulphs of Sand,
Wind dubious without Moon, or faintest Ray
Of Star, while Winds such as torment the Strand
Of *Lapland* while the midnight Hag her Lay
Chaunts to Night's ebon Throne, howl, and the Hand

II.

Hopes not to guide the Rein, and Torrents pour,
Doubling the Gloom—Thou keepest not the Door
Of selfish Ease barr'd to the Wanderer's Quest;
Thy little Light, thine eye, through Tempest's Roar,
To *Levermere*† conducts: Hill, Pit, nor Moor
Deters thee, nor the Love of short and much wisht Rest.

8 Oct. 1803. C. L.

ODE.

Awake! arise! or be for ever fall'n!
Milton.

When Cæsar, by ambition led,
Our circumambient seas o'erspread
With his all-conquering host,
Think how our bold forefathers pour'd
Where'er the storm of danger low'r'd
Around their native coast!

United in one common cause,
Their flaming vengeance knew no pause,
Their naked breasts no fear:

* The same Guide drove a Lady home about twelve or fourteen years back, the Driver of her Chaise having left it.

† The way thence to *Troston* is easy,

Rude were their arms, but firm their hearts—
Unskill'd in military arts—
    Their blessings few, but dear.

By their heroic deeds inspir'd,
Shall not their prouder sons be fir'd,
    And death or victory chuse?
When now a more rapacious foe
Aims at your isle a deadlier blow,
    Think what *you* have to lose!

All that is dear in polish'd life,
All that is worth the martial strife,
    Which ne'er your fathers knew:
O rouse! and guard your best delights:—
Your country's hopes—your country's rights—
    Your country looks to you!

By Virtue's prayers, by Age's fears,
By Childhood's charms, by Beauty's tears,
    Unsheath the vengeful sword!
O spurn a faithless tyrant's yoke;
With spirits unsubdued---unbroke—
    Nor trust his treach'rous word!

Will HE, whose desolating bands
Pour'd horror over other lands,
    Respect your nation's rights?
Believe it not—Ambition knows
Compunction ne'er for human woes,
    When wealth or pow'r invites.

When duty calls—when Heav'n inspires—
While lives th' example of your sires,
    And Freedom's name endures,
Britons, united, dare oppose
Your breasts to all invading foes,
    And victory shall be yours?

SONNET,

TO MR. HENRY KIRKE WHITE,

On his Poems lately published,

BY ARTHUR OWEN, ESQ.

HAIL! gifted youth, whose passion-breathing lay
Portrays a mind attun'd to noblest themes,
A mind, which wrapt in fancy's high-wrought dreams,
To nature's veriest bounds its daring way
Can wing: what charms throughout thy pages shine
To win with fairy thrill the melting soul!
For though along impassion'd grandeur roll,
Yet in full power simplicity is thine.
Proceed, sweet bard; and the heaven-granted fire
Of pity, glowing in thy feeling breast,
May nought destroy, may nought thy soul divest
Of joy—of rapture in the living lyre
Thou tun'st so magically; but may fame
Each passing year add honours to thy name.

Richmond.

CANZONET:

BY MR. H. K. WHITE, AUTHOR OF "CLIFTON GROVE," &c.

I.

Maiden! wrap thy mantle round thee,
Cold the rain beats on thy breast.
Why should horror's voice astound thee?
Death can bid the wretched rest!
All under the tree,
Thy bed may be,
And thou may'st slumber peacefully.

II.

Maiden, once gay pleasure knew thee;
Now thy cheeks are pale and deep.
Love has been a felon to thee;
Yet, poor maiden! do not weep:
There's rest for thee,
All under the tree,
Where thou wilt sleep most peacefully.

Nottingham.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

No breath disturbs the lake's pure, placid breast;
The vale is wrapt in soft oblivious sleep;
All, all within are sunk to balmy rest;
All, all but me, who only wake to weep.

I sigh, I weep,—but what avails the tear
That Memory sheds o'er dear departed joys?
Or what the sigh that Mis'ry breathes sincere,
When her last hope and her last pleasure dies.

Yet still she weeps, and still, when ev'ning falls,
Seeks the lone shade, all mournful to complain;
Sighs o'er each scene that Memory recals,
And "weeps the more because she weeps in vain."

Widow'd of joy, when day's bright beams depart,
Amid these glooms I wander to lament;
For gloom and silence suit the sad of heart,
And here the morning of my life was spent.

'Twas here I bow'd to Love's resistless sway;
From Laura's eyes the dart, unerring, came:
These shades have heard the fond, impassion'd lay,
These bowers have witness'd scenes of bliss supreme.

Ah me! how fleeting and how short the date
Of all our pleasures, all our joys beneath;
The sun of all my happiness is set,
And welcome now the long dark night of death.

I bless its soft approach—I think it slow—
Fain would I prove the slumber of the dead;
Fain would I try, where yonder yew trees grow,
To lay this aching, this devoted head.

Let other swains, beneath the leafy shade,
Breathe the light flute, and weave the garland fair,
Or lead the walk along the painted mead,
And breathe the tender vow in Daphne's ear.

Be mine, while wearied Nature strength supplies,
O'er thy lone grave, dear, lovely maid, to weep,
And when life's flame evaporates and dies,
Within thy clay-cold bosom may I sleep.

D.

ELEGY,

On the Death of a favourite Dog.

BY ARTHUR OWEN, ESQ.

WHENCE comes this tumult, that with galling chain
  Subdues my soul to melancholy grief!
What means this sadness that o'erwhelms my brain,
  Flies ev'ry joy, and scorns each kind relief!

The village bells no more as cheerly ring,
  No more the streams as gayly lave their shores,
The plumy race no more as sweetly sing,
  No more the flowers exhale their musky stores.

Once had these charms my youthful heart to gain,
  As with my Tray I brush'd the morning's dew,
But now, alas! they only give me pain,
  They only bring my vanish'd joys to view.

Oft from my cottage did I careless stray,
  And seek some daisied copse, or verdant mead,
Where at my feet my faithful dog would lay,
  While to the gale I tun'd my slender reed.

When to my lowly hut, at twilight eve,
  With rambling tir'd, I've made my slow advance,
He e'er was sure my languor to relieve,
  By blithsome frolics, and fantastic dance.

When winter swept the skies with savage ire,
  And night o'er all the world had flung her veil,
My Tray and I before a blazing fire
  Were wont to eat our snug, though humble, meal.

He watch'd with guardian care my little all,
  When wearied nature drew me to repose;
He, always kind, obey'd my well-known call,
  As from my couch at blush of day I rose.

In him I found, what ne'er in man I knew,
  In him I found—forgive this falling tear!—
A constant friend that ne'er my presence flew,
  When Want upon me turn'd her visage drear.

His relicts rest in yonder shady grove,
  O'er which I'll raise a neat unsculptur'd tomb,
Where, led by Cynthia's beams, I oft will rove,
  And sadly muse on Fate's relentless doom.

Richmond, August, 1803.

SONNET.

Written on the Sea-Shore.

BY GEORGE BONNER.

RE all forlorn! 'neath *Penman's summits hoar,
I sit me down, and watch the breezy tide,
O'er whose rough surface foamy billows ride,
d one by one approach the pebbled shore.
ature free, yon goat ascends the steep,
nd seeks, with lightsome trip, his scanty fare,
As nature free, the seagull cleaves the air,
Or, led by hunger, dives into the deep.

Such scenes as these impart those trilling joys
Which rank and grandeur have not power to raise;
Oh that my lot were here to spend my days,
Far, far remov'd from fashion's gaudy toys,
From a base world's ingratitude, and pride,
Content my partner, and my God my guide.

Aug. 11, 1803.

PORTRAIT OF DELPHINE,

From the Novel of that Name, Vol. I.

FORM'D by the Graces, but inspir'd by Love,
Each look, each action charms!—the pensive air,
That step irresolute, those tresses fair,
To the soft breeze that negligently move—
Eyes, whose appeal, seeking the realms above,
Might claim affinity with angels there,
And call high Heaven to witness; and forbear
To mark if mortals censure or approve.

While on that brow, the lovely guardian train,
With Innocence serene, disowning fear,
Unsullied Virtue, in her purest reign,
Sincerity, and Modesty appear!
Confiding sweetness, ignorant of wrong,
As Beauty winning, as Discretion strong.

* A mountain in North Wales.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

DRURY-LANE.

OCT. 8.—*The Camp.*—This is one of Mr. Sheridan's earliest p[...] and, as a temporary trifle, at the time of the *Coxheath Camp*, was [...] of and followed. The military complexion of the present day h[...] its revival, and if the author had adapted it, by a few trivial alter[...] circumstances of the country at this moment, its effect and att[...] doubtless have been infinitely increased. As it is, it merely aff[...] tunity of exhibiting, at the close of the entertainment, the *specta*[...] which is managed with great judgment, and in a superior style to [...]thing of a similar kind which we have ever witnessed on the stage.

22.---*Duenna.*---A young gentleman, named Levy, reduced, by a sort of syncopy, to Lee, as Braham from Abraham, appeared in *Carlos*. He has a good natural voice, improved by a considerable portion of scientific execution, under the masterly tuition of Hook; but he is lamentably deficient in taste, and, in awkwardness of manner and deportment, exceeds almost every novice we have seen. He appears to imitate often the *ad libita* and cadences of Braham; but his exertions are premature. He should have remained longer under *drill.*

COVENT-GARDEN.

The following is the occasional address on the opening of the theatre, (written by Mr. T. Dibdin) which was omitted last month for want of room.

FROM Thespian camps, where summer colours fly,
Return'd to winter quarters, here am I;
Proud of my mission, by the General sent,
To bid ye welcome to our royal tent---
To hope this favour'd field you'll oft review,
Where many a battle will be fought for you---
To hope you'll often greet, as heretofore,
With golden smiles the Covent-Garden corps.
In Fame's Gazette, perhaps our mimic band
Has advertis'd some change in its command;
Has told ye here a fav'rite Chief you'll find,
Vice another favourite, resigned:
And our new captain we salute with pride,
Since by your judgment he's approv'd as tried;
Yet inclination, duty, both impel
To speak of him who lately rul'd so well,
Who, though he quit a truncheon for the ranks,
His mirthful efforts still shall ask your thanks,
And hold, while honour'd here with approbation,
His post of honour in a private station.
Henceforth when Music shall essay the strain,
With all your best-lov'd songsters in her train,
When gay Thalia shall alternate court
Your smiles bedeck'd with flowers of frolic sport---
In laughter's interval at times you'll hear
Melpomene petition for a tear.
Thus artists render vivid tints more bright
By blending shadow with opposing light;

And, faith, our artists, through past days of heat
(*Pointing to the decorations*)
Have toil'd, your warmer patronage to meet.
Should you approve their pains to make us gay,
Haply, each morn, some modish dame may say---
"John, take a side-box."—"There's no room below."
"No room at all? Oh, then I'm sure I'll go;
"'Tis only empty places one avoids;
"So, John, be sure we call to-day at Lloyd's,
Where every body runs to give their mite,
"And, for a wonder, all are in the right."
Then *Speed the Plough*, let's join with heart and hand,
Lords, ladies, gentle, simple, sea, and land,
Each castle, village, city, ship, and town
Should form a club to knock invaders down.
And ever may we boast this house brim-full
Of friends determin'd to support John Bull;
And shou'd his desp'rate foes our fury brave,
We'll chaunt their requiem in a loyal stave.

SONG.

Tune—The Island.

If the French have a notion
Of crossing the ocean,
Their luck to be trying on dry land,
They may come if they like,
But we'll soon make them strike
To the lads of the tight little island.
Huzza for the boys of the island,
The brave volunteers of the island;
The fraternal embrace
If foes want in this place,
We'll present all the arms in the island.

They say we keep shops,
To vend broad cloth and slops,
And of merchants they call us a sly land;
But though war is their trade,
What Briton's afraid
To say he'll ne'er sell 'em the island;
They'll pay pretty dear for the island,
If fighting they want in the island,
We'll shew 'em a sample,
Shall make an example
Of all who dare bid for the island.

If met they should be
By the boys of the sea,
I'll warrant they'll never come nigh land---
If they do, those on land
Will soon lend 'em a *hand*,
To *foot* it again from the island.

Huzza for the king of the island!
Shall our father be robb'd of his island?
While his children can fight
They'll stand up for his right
And their own to the tight little island.

SEPT. 14.---*Suspicious Husband*.---We never saw Mr. Lewis, often as he has delighted us in *Ranger*, more successful than on this evening. His ease, gaiety, incessant spirit and activity, imparted an animation to the whole performance, which produced the happiest effect. He was well seconded by Mrs. Glover, in *Clarinda*, being her first appearance since her re-engagement. Miss Martyr, whom we have frequently mentioned with commendation, performed *Rosina* in the afterpiece, and sang the airs in a very pleasing and correct style. She is engaged at this theatre for three years.

SEPT. 19.---*Romeo and Juliet*.---Mr. Charles Kemble appeared to great advantage in *Romeo*. In the scene with the friar, after hearing of his sentence of banishment, and in the whole of the last act, he was uncommonly interesting. Mr. Chapman made his first appearance on this stage in *Capulet*, in which he acquitted himself with his usual respectability.

26.---*John Bull*.---*Dennis Brulgruddery* by Mr. Rock. This gentleman, many years ago, was engaged at this theatre, but, except from his performance of the *Irish Haymaker*, in *Rosina*, he was very little known to the public. It is now seven years since he performed on the Covent Garden stage, and the reputation he has obtained in the provincial theatres, particularly in the *North*, has given him additional confidence in his own powers. His *brogue* is certainly excellent, and his style of acting very natural and forcible; but if we are to compare him with Mr. Johnstone, as in this line of acting we must, we hold him to be very inferior to that gentleman, in richness of humour, and exuberance of comic fancy; it shews, however, very high desert to stand in the *next degree* of praise to a comedian so accomplished in his art, and so deservedly popular as Mr. Johnstone. Mr. Brunton performs *Young Rochdale*, and Mrs. Humphries, (late of Drury Lane) the part of Lady *Caroline Braymore*, in the room of Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston.

27.---Mrs. Siddons made her *entreé* in *Isabella*, and was received with the applause due to her distinguished merit. Her figure seems much enlarged since her last performance in London.

OCT. 3.---*Richard III*.---Mr. Cooke, who retains of course the character of *Gloucester*, exerted himself with wonderful success on this evening, and the reiterated applause he received from the audience testified the high delight they experience from his performance. Mr. Kemble, for the first time, came forward in *Richmond*. This was certainly a condescension, and no small compliment to Mr. Cooke, but we think the animated speeches of Richmond, the daring leader of an invading army, came but "*tardily off*," and there was a languor through the whole, which did not accord with the Earl's character and situation; for

When the blast of war blows in our ears,
We should be tigers in our fierce deportment.

5.--*Provoked Husband*.---*Lady Townley* by a young lady. This young lady is a sister of Mrs. Merry, and of Mr. Brunton of this theatre. She was received in a most flattering manner, and, as we perceive that she is announced for *Beatrice*, we shall defer our remarks till next month; when various other novelties will be noticed, which, for want of room, we are obliged to postpone.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre TEIGNMOUTH.—Mr. Fisher, the manager of this company, possesses almost unrivalled merit in a certain cast of characters; his Sheepface, and Peeping Tom, are exquisite performances, and I own it has frequently surprised me, that the London managers have permitted such talents to be buried in this obscure spot. His brother, who performs under the name of *Palmer*, has also, in the round of parts he plays in this small company, evinced abilities, that, with proper cultivation, would, I have little doubt, render him an ornament to the British stage. His Frederick, in Lovers' Vows, is a chaste and interesting performance, and his Charles Surface would do honour to a London stage. He is an universal favourite in this part of the world, and is lately married to a woman of some property, and good connections, a native of this town. His benefit, last week, was an overflow. The theatre is small, and built in a pretty neat style, but never was intended to hold more than thirty-five pounds; however, the receipts of the house, on Mr. Palmer's night, amounted to forty-two pounds, several persons being accommodated with seats on the stage. It would, I suppose, require a strong temptation to draw him from the friends and patrons he here possesses, to a situation of more honour, but certainly greater risk. Our *ladies* are below mediocrity, and indeed almost all the other male performers. Mr. Drake is a useful, and *sometimes* a good actor. The houses have been generally *very* indifferent, except in the instance above mentioned.

G. A. L.

Theatre LINCOLN.---Our company has been performing here for a month past, and, as nearly all the performers are new, I shall take the liberty of passing a few comments on them, through the medium of your entertaining Mirror. Our old favourites are, Mr. Wilde, a respectable low comedian, and Mrs. Wilde, a very useful actress. Mrs. Brunton, wife of Mr. B. of Covent Garden, is much admired as a singer. Mr. Robertson, the manager, too often (through necessity) performs in tragedy and sentimental comedy, which do not suit him, but in country boys he is at home, such as Simpkin, John Lump, &c. Mrs. Robertson is one of the best general actresses in the country; her Letitia Hardy is a very fine piece of comic acting, particularly in the scene where she imposes on Doricourt; her simplicity is truly natural; and in the mask scene, she displays her elegant figure to great advantage. Her Jane Shore is in every point what the author designed. Mr. Brooke, in Mr. Lewis's line, is sometimes pleasing, but there is a stiffness in his manner, which prevents his being a favourite; in tragedy he is more happy, particularly in Cesario in Alphonso. Mr. Smedley is a young man of great promise; he has a fine full, clear voice, well adapted to the business he plays. Peregrine's sentiments were delivered with much judgment and propriety, but his youthful figure and countenance are great drawbacks in the old men. In Jaques he is not equally happy, but it is a character seldom "hit off," as the author intended it. Don Felix was his second appearance, and first time of playing the part; in the early scenes, he was evidently frightened, and much confused, but where he reproached Violante with sending for the colonel, he was "himself again," and evinced much spirit and sound judgment. Mr. Adcock has some merit as a comic actor, but there is a degree of sameness in his acting; Shelty, Paul Postpone, and Caleb Quotem, &c. discover no variation. Mr. Townsend is a respectable man, but as an actor not above mediocrity. Mr.

Robson has lately made his appearance in Frederick Friburg; he has a powerful voice, but is deficient in judgment. Mr. Brunton, a brother of Mr. B. of Covent Garden, has not been on the stage above two months; he has a fine voice, and in time will make a good singer and actor. Mr. Brown is respectable, and Mrs. B. late of Covent Garden, is too well known to need any comment here. Mr. Goddard is a good comedian, if he would keep to his author. Besides these, we have Mr. Cooper, Mr. Wright, Mr. Martin, Mrs. Smedley, a pretty little actress in comedy, Miss Richardson, Mrs. Goddard, &c.

October. R. T. B.

Since writing the above, I understand Mr. Smedley is going to leave us, and Mr. Robson is engaged in his situation.

Theatre Royal WEYMOUTH.---Owing to the uncertainty of his Majesty's being here, the visitors have not been very numerous this season, and the theatre, notwithstanding the attraction of a good company, and all the novelty the manager could bring forward, has, in consequence, been very indifferently attended. Among the number of the new pieces, we can mention *John Bull*, the *Marriage Promise*, *Tale of Mystery*, &c. which were very respectably performed. The principal performers are, Mr. Sandford, who is the acting manager, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Farren, son of the late Mr. Farren of Covent Garden theatre, Mr. Sheridan, an excellent low comedian, Mr. Weston, who is very clever in the Yorkshire-men and country boys, Mr. Woodley, Mrs. Clarke, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Farren, Miss Logan, &c. &c. Mr. Hughes, the proprietor of the theatre, in the popular comedy of *John Bull*, personated Job Thornberry, and was a good representative of the " blunt, honest brazier." Mr. Sandford, in Tom Shuffleton, gave us a good idea of the Bond Street lounger. Mr. Weston was very whimsical in Dan, and Mr. Clarke was impressive and animated in the part of Peregrine. Mrs. Emery, mother of Mr. Emery of the Covent Garden theatre, played the part of Mrs. Brulgruddery in a very chaste manner. Mrs. Farren was genteel and easy in the character of Lady Caroline, and Miss Hughes was interesting in the part of Mary. The company has experienced a great loss in Mrs. Emery, who is gone to her engagement at Drury Lane.* The *Tale of Mystery* has been got up in a manner highly satisfactory. Mr. Sandford, in Romaldi, was very judicious, and Mr. Woodley personated Francisco in a very creditable manner. Mrs. Clarke in Selina, and Mrs. Farren in Fiammetta, contributed their share of exertion towards the success of the piece. Miss Logan is a respectable actress in the sentimental ladies, and her figure is one of the most elegant we have ever seen. Mrs. Clarke, in the lively, spirited girls and chambermaids, evinces a great share of merit; and in such parts as Cicely Homespun, Lisette in Animal Magnetism, Miss in her Teens, &c. &c. is peculiarly happy. Mr. Farren bustles through a variety of business, and in Caleb Quotem, Tandem, &c. is much approved of. Mr. Clarke is a very promising young actor, and in the varied characters of Frederick, in Lovers' Vows, Captain Faulkner, in the Way to get Married; Henry, in Speed the Plough; John Dory, in Wild Oats, &c. we have seen him with great pleasure. In short, the theatre is very regularly conducted, and the performances are always correct, and we regret that the manager has not had better success.

A CONSTANT READER.

* Mrs. Emery, owing, we believe, to some misunderstanding, has not yet appeared at Drury Lane. *Ed.*

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

Parliament will meet for the dispatch of business on the twenty-second of November.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, has offered to Government to raise, at his own expence entirely, a regiment of pikemen, among the miners in Cornwall, to consist of ten companies, of one hundred men each, and his offer has been accepted, upon condition he clothes them, to which his Royal Highness has readily agreed. This corps will cost his Royal Highness about ten thousand pounds. The utility of the corps, from their local knowledge, personal strength, hereditary courage, and loyalty, would be great, should the enemy attempt to land in that quarter. A charge by Cornish pikemen would be as dreadful to the French as the *Cornish hug*.

The *Lawyers'* regiment, formed by the benchers and students of the several inns of court, distinct from the *Bloomsbury* corps, having gained a military appellation, for which they are not much indebted to the wag of a godfather who gave it them; for, in contradistinction to the "*King's Own*," the "*Prince's Own*," &c. this destructive legion is called the "*D---l's Own!*"

Dr. Barclay, the Anatomical Lecturer in Edinburgh, asserts, "that the muscles necessary to produce sounds, are capable of entering in 1,125,899,906,842,623 combinations, the effects of which may be infinitely diversified, according to the various degrees of force and velocity.

The plants destined for Madame Bonaparte, taken by our cruizers, and deposited in the botanic garden at Kew, amount to six hundred: many of them are four and five feet high. They were six years in collecting, and are said to be extremely rare. The gardener at Kew calls them his *Army of Reserve*.

The depreciation of the silver coin now in circulation is so great, that, on the average, it is found that forty sixpences are not worth more, by weight, than ten shillings and nine-pence, and twenty of the current shillings not worth more than fourteen shillings and five pence.

The following accident happened in Oxford-street, about two o'clock on Sunday morning, the 9th ult.---A hackney coachman had just set down his fare, and had got a few yards on his way home, when, on looking round, he perceived a great light in the inside of his coach; he immediately got down, and, on opening the door, found the lining all in flames; finding that all attempts to extinguish it would be useless, he cut the body from the wheels, and let it burn out, without any other damage. It is supposed to have taken fire from the servant of the gentleman he had carried going into the coach with a candle to look for a parcel, and dropping a spark among the straw. The coach being lined with linen, it was very soon in a blaze.

A few days since, as a hackney coach was proceeding smartly down Holborn Hill, one of the fore wheels came off. The carriage, instead of sinking down, was, by the velocity with which it went, thrown over on one side with a tremendous crash. The horses for several yards continued their pace, dragging the shattered machine behind them. One gentleman only was in the vehicle, and we are happy to add, that he escaped without any of his bones being fractured. His right leg was, however, cut through his boot, and the blood flowed copiously from the wound.

The body of the man who lately took the fatal leap from London Bridge, has been found. It appeared, on inspection, that both his arms were dislocated at the shoulders, through being extended when he reached the water, instead of being folded together, or kept close to his body.

We have heard it rumoured that an immense number of pikes have been manufactured by the order of Government, and are now ready for delivery to such of the people as are not enrolled in the volunteer corps, but may wish, in case of invasion, to take an active part in the defence of themselves, their families, and their country. We therefore embrace this opportunity to recommend earnestly to Government and to the public, the immediate formation of corps of pikemen, to act occasionally as a supporting body to the main army. The exercise of the pike is very easy, and may be acquired in a few days; at the same time that it is a much more effectual weapon of defence than the bayonet. It was a favourite weapon with the great Marshal Saxe; and those who recollect how, on the memorable 10th of August, 1792, an undisciplined mob, armed with pikes, put to flight and slaughtered the best troops of France and Switzerland, will, we doubt not, be of opinion, that, if this instrument was found so useful in a *bad cause*, it may be employed, with at least equal effect, in a *good one*. Depots of pikes ought to be established at different points all along the coast, for the arming of such persons as, animated by a true British spirit, may on a sudden alarm be induced to call out, like the brave and loyal inhabitants of Folkstone---" Give us arms, and we will follow you any where."

A private letter from an officer at Bengal, says, " His Highness the Nabob of Oude has conferred a pension of two thousand pounds per annum on Warren Hastings, Esq. formerly Governor General of Bengal, during the term of his natural life."

It is reported that General Dumourier has delivered into the hands of His Royal Highness the commander in chief, a most comprehensive and interesting memoir, minutely detailing all the plans that have been formed and adopted during the last thirty years in France, for the invasion of this country, and pointing out, with astonishing ability, the only assailable points on our coast, and how these points may be rendered invulnerable. It is likewise said, that in this work a delineation of all the ports from Bayonne to the Texel, given with the greatest accuracy; the number of vessels and their capacities, that each harbour can supply; the methods formerly designed for their safe departure and landing on the shores of England, and the different routes to be pursued by the respective divisions of the invading army, and the orders for their conduct, when they had obtained a footing on this side the water.

A military car, with six very good grey horses, was lately brought on the Parade in St. James's Park, for the purpose of trying the removing of troops with expedition; fifty of the Coldstream regiment got into it---forty-eight into the seats appointed for them, and two along with the driver, with their arms and accoutrements. They went thrice round the Parade, and through the Horse Guards, to Charing Cross, Cockspur-street, St. James's-street, Piccadilly, and down the Green Park to the Parade. His Royal Highness the Duke of York and several officers were present.

The late Earl of Bristol, bishop of Derry, had many eccentricities in his character. In Italy, where he resided several years before his death, chiefly employing himself in the collection of paintings, sculpture, and curiosities of various kinds, he distinguished himself by a peculiarity of dress. He wore a *white hat* edged with *purple*, a coat of *crimson silk* or *velvet* (according to the season) a black sash *spangled with silver*, and *purple stockings*. It need hardly be added, what was the fact, that the good inhabitants of Naples, and other places, looked upon this fanciful suit as *the costume of an Irish bishop*.

Kew and Richmond gardens (now united) were open on Sunday, September 25, for the last public day this season. His Majesty's palace is, on the exterior, nearly finished; but the interior can scarcely be completed in less than two years. A large pile of offices is erecting, detached a little to the north-east of the palace, which will add considerably to the fine gothic grouping of the whole. Great improvements are begun in the disposition of the lawns, plantations, and water in the gardens, occasioned by the scite of the new residence. When the whole is finished, it will form a most delightful retreat.

A foreigner's natural idea of Mr. Pitt, and the rest of the *Cinque Port* Volunteers, is, that they are each of them *five bottle* men.

The *Botany Bay gazette*, of which some numbers have been received in England, contains the following very characteristic bon mot:---" An edition of Bailey's dictionary being put up to auction, the vendue master observed, that it was a *New Bailey*."---" I am glad of that, with all my heart, (replied a bidder) for most of us have had enough of the *Old One*."

MEMORABLE SPEECH OF MR. EMMETT.---The admirable description which Mr. Emmett, lately executed in Dublin for high treason, drew of French fraternity, when, after his conviction, he addressed the court in exculpation of himself from the charge of co-operating with the French in any design to invade Ireland, must powerfully operate on that part of the people, who may still seek, through the agency of the First Consul, to disunite these countries. They cannot doubt his zeal in what he conceived their interest; and in treating of the desolating influence of France to the nations it had seduced, he spoke from his own knowledge. It must be considered as an evidence against the common enemy of freedom and social happiness, which, coming from such authority, ought, and we trust will have the most salutary effect upon all who may have participated in his principles or his treasons. Let the people of Ireland profit by the useful admonition! It is sufficient to banish from the most tainted mind the least inclination of countenancing the slightest connexion with such perfidy and despotism, while, at the same time, it must inspire additional resolution into the breasts of others, to stand forth with vigour and alacrity in defence of all that is dear to them, against the attempts of an enemy, which even the abettors of rebellion hold in abhorrence. The following is a correct account of that part of his speech to which we allude:---

" I am asked whether I have any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me. Was I to suffer only death, after being adjudged guilty, I should bow in silence--but a man in my situation has not only to combat with the difficulties of fortune, but also the difficulties of prejudice---the sentence of the law which delivers over his body to the executioner, consigns his character to obloquy. The man dies, but his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I use this occasion to vindicate

myself from some of the charges advanced against me. I am charged with being an emissary of France: 'tis false. I am no emissary: I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all to France. No! never did I entertain the idea of establishing French power in Ireland---God forbid! On the contrary, it is evident, from the introductory paragraph of the address of the provisional government, that every hazard attending an independent effort, was deemed preferable to the more fatal risk of introducing a French army into the country. Small would be our claims to patriotism and to sense, and palpable our affection of the love of liberty, if we were to encourage the profanation of our shores, by a people who were slaves themselves, and the unprincipled and abandoned instruments of imposing slavery on others. If such an inference is drawn from any part of the proclamation of the provisional government, it calumniates their views, and is not warranted by the fact---how could they speak of freedom to their countrymen---how assume such an exalted motive, and meditate the introduction of a power which has been the enemy of freedom in every part of the globe. Reviewing the conduct of France to other countries, could we expect better towards us? No! Let not, then, any man attaint my memory by believing, that I could have hoped freedom through the aid of France, and betrayed the sacred cause of liberty, by committing it to the power of her most determined foe---had I done so, I had deserved not to live, and dying with such a weight upon my character, I had merited the honest execration of that country which gave me birth, and to which I would have given freedom. Had I been in Switzerland, I would have fought against the French. In the dignity of freedom I would have expired on the threshold of that country, and they should have entered it only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Is it, then, to be supposed, that I would be slow to make the same sacrifice to my native land? Am I, who lived but to be of service to my country, and who would subject myself to the bondage of the grave to give her independence, am I to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of France? My Lords, it may be part of the system of angry justice, to bow a man's mind by humiliation to meet the ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the imputation of having been the agent of French despotism and ambition; and while I have breath, I will call upon my countrymen not to believe me guilty of so foul a crime against their liberties and their happiness. Though you, my Lord, sit there a judge, and I stand here a culprit, yet you are but a man, and I am another; I have a right therefore to vindicate my character and motives from the aspersions of calumny; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in rescuing my name and my memory from the afflicting imputation of having been an emissary of France, or seeking her interference in the internal regulation of our affairs. Did I live to see a French army approach this country, I would meet it on the shore, with a torch in one hand, and a sword in the other: I would receive them with all the destruction of war! I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their very boats, before our native soil should be polluted by a foreign foe. If they succeeded in landing, I would burn every blade of grass before them; raze every house; contend to the last for every inch of ground; and the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me, that spot I would make my grave! What I cannot do, I leave a legacy to my country, because I feel

conscious that my death were unprofitable, and all hope of liberty extinct, the moment a French army obtained a footing in this island."

After some further matter, he concluded thus:---"My lamp of life is nearly expired; my race is finished; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. All I request then at departing from the world, is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men can do justice to my character."

ELFI BEY.—This Mameluke Chief arrived in town on Saturday the 15th Oct. from Portsmouth. He was accompanied from Malta by Lord Blantyre, and the Hon. Col. Beresford, who came to town with him. He is styled by his suit *his Excellency*, a title which shews he is come upon a diplomatic mission. He is about forty-four years of age, five feet and eleven and a half inches high, very stout made, and of a ruddy complexion. His beard is black, and reaches down to his middle. He wears a very rich inside dress of red and white striped silk, red satin trowsers, and red silk stockings, with yellow sandals. Over his inside dress he wears a beautiful shawl, forming a drapery about the body, and over that a rich red silk mantle, trimmed with fur. His deportment is dignified and graceful.

The sect of the Whaabys, in Arabia, are represented in the Paris papers as making a rapid progress in their rebellion against the grand Seignor. They teach a degree of natural religion, in opposition to Mahometanism. The English Consul at Bassora is said to have written to their Chief, requesting him not to molest the English Tartars who traverse the desart. The Whaaby received the Consul's presents, and, without thanking him, returned the following laconic answer.—"I have received your letter; and while I am in peace with Bassora, your messengers shall pass without interruption."

A beautiful colossal statue of his majesty, in his royal robes, twelve feet high, is just finished. The figure is to be placed in a building newly erected for its reception, fronting the Esplanade, Weymouth.

In the territory of Falcin, a village distant two leagues from Nice, an immense cavern has lately been discovered. The entrance is very narrow; but in the interior of the cavern, of which neither the extent nor depth has yet been fully explored, there are large halls, resembling temples, adorned with columns formed by the crystalization of the water. A single hall would contain 400 persons. Very little light is necessary, as the reflection from the walls produces a magnificent illumination.

FRENCH FASHIONS.—A lady writes from Paris, that during the preparations for the invasion of England, Bonaparte is trembling, Moreau blushing, Carnot laughing, Berthier shuddering, Sieyes smiling, Talleyrand sighing, Fouche groaning, the Generals bowing, the Admirals sneering, the soldiers singing, the sailors crying, the merchants grumbling, the clergy praying, and the people paying.

A very respectable farmer at Gaddesden, in Herts, having found an ear of French barley, sowed its seed in his garden, the produce of which rather astonishing him, he determined to pursue the experiment. The next year he sowed the produce of the first in a piece of ground tilled for that purpose, which yielded

bountifully; and the third and fourth years produce, exceeded any thing of the kind he had ever seen or heard of before, being upwards of twenty sacks of pure grain.

Curious return of a quaker under the defence act:—" *He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.*"---I am a Christian, and profess to believe in the gospel of Christ, the precepts, nature, and spirit of which gospel lead me to be persuaded that, like my master, Jesus, the Prince of Peace, I ought to suffer all things, to love all men, and to kill none---therefore no martial service is to be expected from

Torbock-street, Liverpool, JOHN SMITH.
14th of the 8th month, 1803.

VOLUNTEERS.---The following is a copy of the opinion of the Attorney-General on two material points, relative to Volunteers, whose services have been accepted, addressed to Mr. Secretary Yorke, and transmitted by him to the Lord Lieutenants of counties:

SIR, I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 1st instant, desiring me to take into consideration the acts now in force, relative to the Volunteer corps, and those of the last Session, for more effectually providing for the defence of the realm, and to report to you, for his majesty's information, my opinion:---1st. Whether the compulsory clauses, relative to the training and exercising of the men in the respective classes, apply to, or are to be construed to extend to Volunteer corps, whose services have been accepted subsequent to the 27th of July last, under the acts now in force respecting Volunteers: and 2d, Whether the Volunteer corps, formed under the above-mentioned acts, so long as the services of such corps shall be continued by his Majesty, and any persons enrolled therein and engaged to serve as volunteers, can withdraw themselves from such services so as to avoid the fines and penalties imposed in certain cases by 43 Geo. III. cap. 121, or so as not to continue liable to march to any part of Great Britain, when required, in the manner prescribed by the 44th and 54th clauses of the 43 Geo. III. cap. 96, under the pains of penalties there set forth.

With respect to the first question, I am of opinion, that the volunteer corps, whose services have been accepted since the 27th July last, are, notwithstanding the date of their acceptance, not within the compulsory clauses relative to the training aud exercising the men in their respectives classes, which appear to me to apply only to persons enrolled under the general provisions of the 43 Geo. III. cap. 96.

As to the second, I am of opinion, that Volunteer corps, and persons enrolled therein, *cannot withdraw themselves* from the services as volunteers in which they have engaged shemselves, though they may be struck out of the muster roll for default; and that they are liable, as long as they continue on the muster roll, to have enforced upon them such fines as, according to the rules and regulations of their corps, their defaults may subject them to; and also to be punished as deserters for refusing to march when required, according to their respective terms of service, under the 44th and 54th section of 43 Geo. III. cap. 96, and 9th section of 43 Geo. III. cap. 121.---I have the honour to be, &c.

SP. PERCIVAL.

Mr. Justice Downes is appointed to be chief justice of the King's Bench in Ireland, in place of the late Lord Kilwarden.

THE BOURBONS.---We do not find, on enquiry, that his majesty's ministers have any intention of employing the French royalists to erect the royal standard on the coast of France; and, indeed, there are many cogent reasons at present against the adoption of such a measure. It is certain, however, that the princes of the blood royal are very solicitous to give all possible aid to the just cause in which Great Britain is now engaged, as appears by the following letter from monsieur to his majesty:---

"MONSIEUR MON FRERE ET COUSIN,

"It is with a feeling the most just, and with the liveliest sense of gratitude, that I avail myself of existing circumstances to demand of your majesty, on my own behalf, on that of my sons, of the princes my cousins, and of all Frenchmen residing in your majesty's dominions, that you will be pleased to allow us to unite ourselves to your faithful subjects, and to offer our services against our common enemy.

"We are Frenchmen, Sire; and neither our misfortunes, nor the many acts of injustice we have experienced, have weakened the sacred ties that binds us to our country; but the man who has for the present subjugated France, and rendered it the instrument of his perfidious ambition, is, in truth, as much the enemy of every Frenchman, as he is of your majesty, and of your paternal government.

"On taking this step, we therefore fulfil a double duty, and if your majesty deigns to accept of our services, we will enter into a rivalship with your loyal subjects, in order to prove to you the full extent of our gratitude.

"I pray your majesty to receive, with your usual goodness, the homage equally sincere as respectful, of every sentiment with which I shall always remain,

"MONS. MON FRERE ET COUSIN, &c."

The answer to the above we have not seen, but we understand that it amounted to a polite refusal.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.---About 2 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, a melancholy accident occurred at Ibbetson's Hotel, in Vere-street, Oxford-street. Charles Jones, Esq. an officer in the army, had lodged at Ibbetson's for some days, and was on the eve of departure to join his regiment, on its march to the coast. A post chaise was at the door of the hotel, to receive him. His particular acquaintance and friend, Lieutenant Thomas Best, of the 48th regiment, had, in the mean time, called on and was to accompany him to the country. Their pistols were lying on the table, ready to be put into the pockets of the post chaise. In the course of a conversation about highwaymen, excited by their intended journey, Capt. Jones took up one of the pistols, to shew what he would do if attacked by any of that fraternity. At this period the pistol unfortunately went off, and shot Lieut. Best through the body. There were some carpenters at work in the hotel at the time, so that the report of the pistol, if heard at all, was not believed to be a pistol shot, and Capt. Jones, wild and distracted, ran for assistance into the coffee-room, where he was the first who announced the catastrophe which had happened. No time was lost in carrying his wishes into effect.

Mr. Ibbetson, with the most humane attention to the deceased, ran himself to surgeons Ford and Heaviside, who attended in an instant after; but human aid was unfortunately of no avail: after exchanging forgiveness with Capt. Jones, declaring in the most generous manner that his death was accidental, Lieutenant Best expired in an hour after the accident had taken place, but in full possession of his senses till the last. The coroner's jury sat upon the body, and after a careful investigation, brought in a verdict of 'accidental death.' Capt. Jones, a few days afterwards, attended the corpse of his unfortunate friend to the grave.

By the regulations of the new coal act, carmen are to carry a bushel measure in their carts, and are to measure gratis any sack which the buyer may select; and if, upon remeasurement, such sack shall not contain three bushels, the dealer shall be liable to a penalty of forty shillings per sack for such deficiency. This mode will prevent those frauds so generally complained of; and the whole of the act, which may be said to new model the coal trade, whilst it prevents the fair dealer from being harassed by informers, bids fair to reduce the price of an article, which, to the poor consumer, may be deemed as necessary as bread.

BIRTHS.

In Grosvenor-square, Lady Ann Ashley, of a son. In Dublin, the Right Hon. Lady Maxwell, of a son. At Castletown, the Right Hon. Viscountess Dunlo, of a son and heir. The Lady of Colonel Anstruther of a son. At Wimbledon, the Right Hon. Lady Lovaine, of a son. In Bloomsbury-square, the Lady of Charles Badham, M.D. of a daughter. In Harley-street, Lady C. Lenox, of a daughter.

DIED,

At Riegate, Doctor Pertie, M. D. At Margate, N. Gray, Esq. F. R. S. At Badminton, aged 17, Lady Ann Elizabeth Somerset, youngest daughter of the Duke of Beaufort. Suddenly, at Mistley in Essex, Everard Fawkener, Esq. one of the Commissioners for Stamps. Sir John William Rose, Recorder of the City of London. He was in town, and in perfect health, on Monday Oct. 10th. In the afternoon he returned to his house at Peckham, where he slept in the evening. Soon after midnight, he waked Lady Rose, saying that he felt himself extremely unwell, and that he thought himself dying. Medical assistance was immediately sent for and obtained; but human assistance was of no avail, for Sir John breathed his last between three and four o'clock on Tuesday morning. At his seat at Badminton, in Gloucestershire, the most Noble Henry Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, Viscount Grosmont, Baron Herbert, Lord of Ragland, Chepstow and Gower, and Baron Beaufort, of Caldecot Castle; his complaint was the gout, which, getting into the stomach, occasioned almost instantaneous death. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, the Marquis of Worcester, M.P. for Gloucestershire. Of a dropsical complaint, Mr. Sedgwick, of Drury-Lane Theatre, after a lingering illness.